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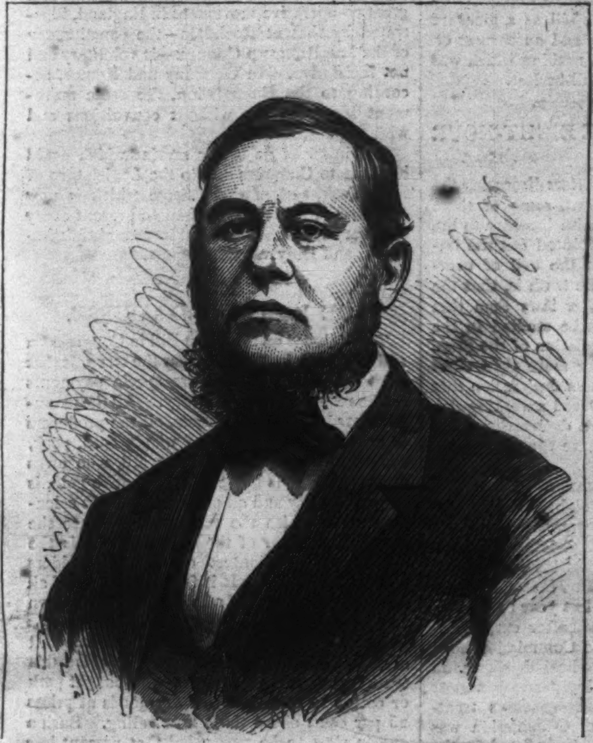
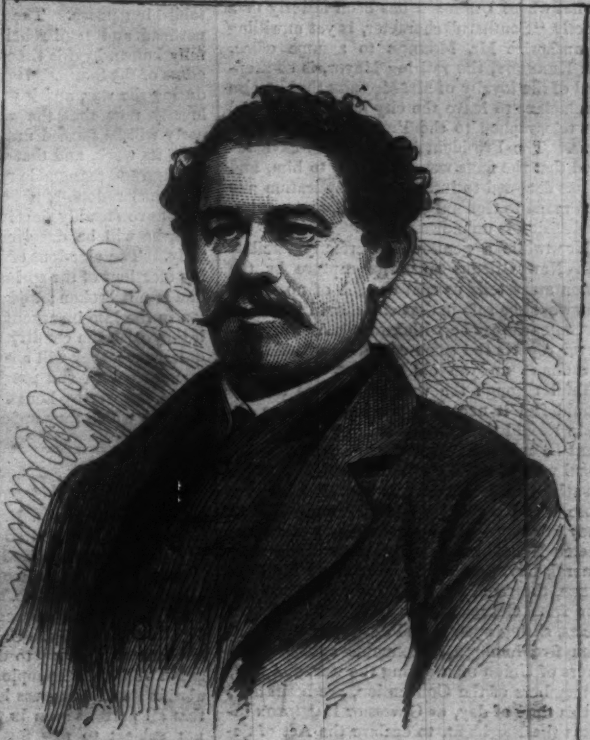

MICHAEL PHELAN.—[Photographed by Kimberly Brothers, Norfolk, Va.]


PIERRE CARME.—[Photographed by Kimberly Brothers, Norfolk, Va.]

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.

By the official record it is found that in Paris, during the year 1865, taxes were paid on 27,478 billiard-tables in public use. The renown of the pastime is not confined to the country of its supposed inception, although almost every nation has its peculiar way of manipulating the game. For example, in France the game is played on a table without pockets, the surface of the bed measuring 5 by 10 feet. Three balls are used, one for each of the players, and a red object ball. A count is only effected by the carom, and each carom scores one only, and as all foul or *push* shots are prohibited, undoubtedly this game calls forth the highest skill of the player. In England the tables have six pockets, one in each corner, and at the centre of the side rails; the bed surface is 6 by 12 feet. Three balls are also used there, and the counts are made by the winning and losing hazards as well as by caroms; thus, while a carom scores two, should the player or his opponent's ball go into the pocket the score is four, and if both are pocketed the score is six; should all three balls go in, besides the carom, the score is nine. In this country different sizes of tables are used, varying all the way from the French to the English standards. Some are made without pockets, while others have four or six each. The *full* game includes caroms and the winning hazard, and a stroke can possibly be made to score thirteen.

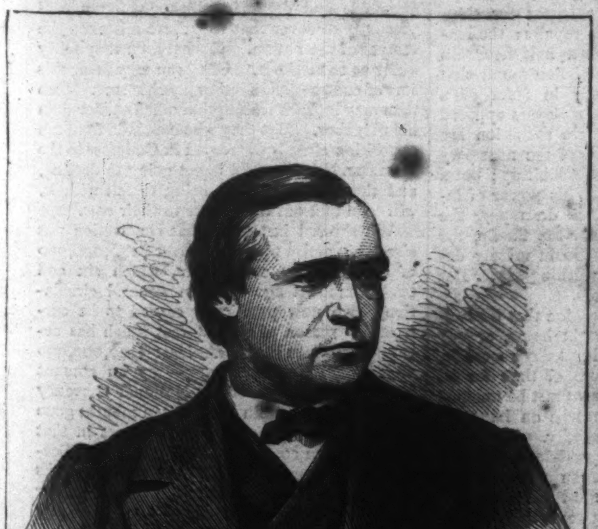
The game generally played by experts in this country is the four-ball carom game, on a four-pocket table, 6 by 12 feet surface. This, with the *shove* or *push* shot omitted, is beyond comparison the most brilliant and interesting of all the games; for while it calls for all the scientific ability of the French game, it presents a tenfold increase of the beauties and intricacies of triangulation, power of force, and startling effects.

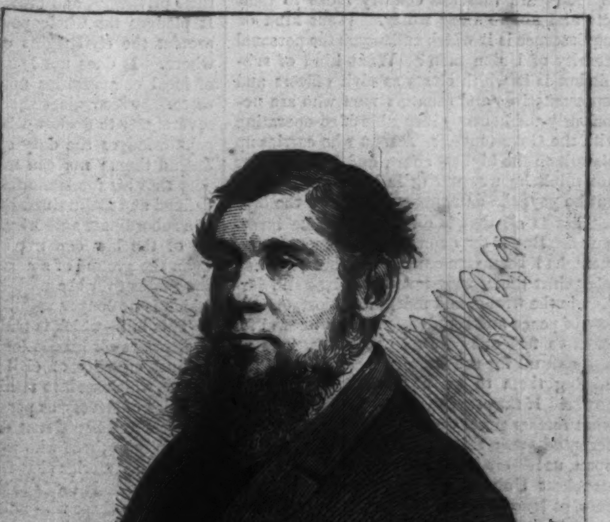
During the last twenty years billiards, which had fallen into disrepute, has made rapid advances in this country, and an apartment for its accommodation is now considered a necessity to first-class residences. Next to its generally attractive features and superior sanitary advantages, this increased popularity is mainly due to the unceasing exertions of **Michael Phelan**, Esq., of this city, who has devoted an active lifetime to the elevation of the pastime and the perfection of its machinery. Mr. **Phelan**, who is now in the fiftieth year of his age, is the senior partner of the well-known manufacturing firm of **Phelan & Collender**. He has long been celebrated as one of the best players living. Still he never had much inclination for match games, though his great encounter with **Seereiter**, of Detroit, for $7500 a side, which came off in that city in April, 1859, and which was won by **Phelan**, has ever been rated as the greatest billiard contest on record. Soon after this occurrence Mr. **Phelan** determined to permanently retire from the billiard arena, unless he should at some time have the opportunity of measuring cues with Mr. **Berger**, of Paris, or Mr. **Roberts**, of London, who at that period were the reigning stars of their particular spheres. The last time **Phelan** played for a stake was with **Kavanagh**, at Irving Hall, in April, 1864. The game was 1000 points up-caroms, push prohibited. The consideration was, the loser to give $100 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, while the receipts for admission were donated to the Working Women's Society. **Phelan** won.

In June, 1863, through the personal exertions of Mr. **Phelan**, and by valuable prizes presented by his firm, almost all the prominent players in the United States assembled in this city, and after forming a Billiard Congress, which still exists, a code of rules was adopted, and a tournament participated in, which established a championship. **Dudley Kavanagh**, of this city, one of the most successful and effective players in any country, succeeded in securing possession of the Golden Cue, the emblem of the Championship, which he afterward maintained his right to in five succeeding encounters with the most skillful antagonists that could be brought against him. Finally, in May, 1865, under the plea of illness, **Kavanagh** forfeited the Champion Cue to **Louis Fox**, of Rochester; who in turn lost in a contest with **John Deery**, of Washington, who now has possession—and is by right Champion of America. The next contestant with **Deery** was **John M'Devitt**, of this city, and the game was played in the Hall of the Cooper Institute, on the evening of Tuesday, March 13. **Deery** retained the cue.

Dudley Kavanagh, who is now exactly twenty-eight years of age, has played more match games than any other man in America, and, of some twenty on record, he was winner in about two-thirds of them. His last encounters were with M. **Carme**, each player winning a game, and the latter forfeiting a third game, which he refused to practice for, as it allowed the odious "push," which **Carme** styles "baby billiards." Some of **Kavanagh's** over-zealous friends still claim the title of Champion for him, but of course this point can not be maintained. **Kavanagh** not only forfeited the cue, but he refuses to respond to the challenges of **M'Devitt**, of **Joseph Dion**, of Montreal, and **Pierre Carme**, of New York.

About one year since a real excitement was created in billiard circles by the arrival of a most skillful French Professor of Billiards, M. **Pierre Carme**, of Versailles. Placing himself under the direction of Mr. **Phelan**, M. **Carme** gave a series of public exhibitions, and his wonderful prowess in the *masse*, force, follow, fly, and other difficult and seemingly impossible shots, have produced profound astonishment, and been received with the most rapturous applause. M. **Carme** has only engaged in two match games (those above-mentioned) during his sojourn in this country, which we understand he has determined to make his permanent residence, and that he will probably shortly open in this city a fine establishment for practice and instruction. He is a native of Bordeaux, now in the thirty-first year of his age, and, like **Kavanagh**, is a bachelor. M. **Carme** probably has no superior in his specialties, and is willing to engage any person, for a heavy consideration, at the three-ball French, or the four-ball American games; *push* barred.—The latest billiard sensation was the arrival, a few weeks since, of Mr. **John Roberts**, the distinguished English billiardist. This gentleman has long maintained his supremacy in the winning and losing hazard game; and as he has beaten **Dufton**, **Hughes**, **Christmoss**, **Bennett**, and other experts—most of them at an odds of 300 in 1000—he, without doubt, has no equal at the game. He spent the most of the two years just passed in Australia, and on his return to England made an engagement with **Dudley Kavanagh** to visit this country, under whose management he is now traveling in the West, they lately having taken part in a tournament at Memphis, Tennessee. The friends of Mr. **Roberts** say that on his return to New York


DUDLEY KAVANAGH.—[Photographed by C. H. Williamson, Brooklyn, L. I.]


JOHN ROBERTS.—[Photographed by C. H. Williamson, Brooklyn, L. I.]

he intends to give our best players the opportunity to measure cues with him, and that the contests will probably be at the English, French, and American games. From this it may be inferred that Mr. Roberts intends to accept the challenges of Mr. Joseph Dion, of Montreal, who some time since defied any man living to play him a game in each of the above specialties, each to be for $2000 in gold a side. Mr. Roberts is now in the forty-first year of his age, and is *not* a bachelor.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 31, 1866.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

Mr. JOHN T. MONROE, of New Orleans, was Mayor of that city when it was occupied by the Union forces, and his conduct was such that he was imprisoned by military authority. At the late election for Mayor he was the successful candidate, and with him three gentlemen who were of the same sympathy were elected for three of the four Recorderships of the city. Governor Wells, of Louisiana, whose Unionism has been latterly of a strictly "Southern" character, is yet unwilling to authorize Mr. Monroe to assume office. Mr. Kennedy, the retiring Mayor, is so skeptical of the loyalty of Mr. Monroe that he also is reluctant to leave the city in his hands, and has telegraphed to the President for instructions. The President is reported to have replied that the facts were unknown to him, and he has declined to interfere. Application was then made to General Canby, and, as we write, his decision is unknown.

Meanwhile a gentleman perfectly familiar with New Orleans since its capture by the Union army tells us that the life of no Union man would be safe in that city should the United States forces be withdrawn. Another observer reports the same condition of affairs in Savannah; and an old resident of Georgia, faithful through the war, informs us that he should feel it necessary for him to leave the State should the military hold of the Government be relaxed. And these are not exceptional witnesses. Now the men whose conduct is such as to occasion these apprehensions are those who have elected Mr. Monroe Mayor. They are those whose sympathizers elsewhere elected Mr. Humphreys, an unpardoned rebel general, Governor of Mississippi, and Mr. Stephens, the second chief of the rebellion, Senator from Georgia. They are those who, in Texas, sitting upon Grand Juries, refuse to act upon five hundred indictments against murderers of Union men during the war, and who, as members of the Convention, are hesitating, at this time of day, as Governor Hamilton informs the President, to declare the Act of Secession null and void.

Of course so long as this feeling continues dominant in the late insurgent States, so long as fervent fidelity to the rebellion is the sole passport to popular favor, and the universal tone of opinion is bitter hostility to the Government and Union, it is the plainest duty of the Government to maintain a strict military hold of such States. Intelligent men at the South will see that such feeling and conduct are not "acquiescence." Nobody indeed expects defeated men to confess that they were wrong, or to feel a profound affection for a power against which they have ineffectually struggled. But when they declare that they have submitted and acquiesce in the decision of the war, they will not be surprised, and they have no right to be indignant, that the country looks to their acts and not to their words. What kind of acquiescence is it which endangers the personal security of Union men? What kind of submission is it which elects as civil officers and representatives and senators men who are notoriously and honestly incapable of co-operating with the Government? A man who carries up his suit to the highest court, and loses it, does not think he was wrong in bringing the suit, but he pays the damages and yields to the law.

That is all that is asked of the late insurgents. But if they continue to act as if judgment had been pronounced for them, instead of against them, they put themselves still further in the wrong, and indefinitely postpone the day of peace and reunion. If it be natural for them to feel exasperated and bitter, it is no less natural for the country to be wary of admitting them to an unchecked exercise of power. If they say, as some of them do, "But what further proof can we give? Have we not accepted every thing which has been imposed upon us?" the reply is, that so long as the stanchest Union men among them feel insecure, so long as capital and enterprise and labor hesitate to flow toward them, so long as their legislative acts and popular elections reveal a sullen hostility to the measures and men which, whether they individually like them or not, are yet inseparably identified with the Government in whose supremacy they declare their acquiescence, so long the country has a right to say that they have *not* acquiesced; that they must be distrusted and closely watched; and so long we have the right to believe that they will use whatever power they may acquire to neutralize and destroy the very acts to which they point us as proofs of acquiescence.

The people of the Southern States ought to understand that the war was just as earnest to us as it was to them; that there is not the least vindictiveness of feeling upon the part of the loyal people of the country, but, on the contrary, a very hearty desire of sincere union and enduring peace; that there are no foolish expectations of an affected love of the National Government among those who were lately in arms against it; that there is no intention to be unjust or ungenerous toward our Southern fellow-citizens, whatever the papers and politicians who deluded them through the war may say; but that there is a very inflexible determination that the war shall not have been fought in vain; that emancipation shall be made, not called, a fact; and that the permanence and authority of the Government shall not be imperiled by any rash policy springing from ignorance or impatience. There will be no effort to reap more than we have sowed, but the harvest will surely be garnered.

The quality and dominant will of the American people were shown during the war, and they are equally shown to those who can see, in establishing peace. The imbecility of the Copperhead and semi-rebel sentiment should be fully known by this time even to the late insurgents of the South. It could not divide loyalty during the war, and it will not divide the same loyalty now that the war is over. No new party will be formed until the Union party has done its work, and that work is honorable and humane and reasonable reorganization. If any Southerner doubts, if he listens to the sirens who have steadily deceived him for five years past, he will be deceived again and more bitterly. The elections of last autumn, the opening elections of the spring, show that the Union line is not broken; and if the leaders of opinion in the late insurgent States are truly wise, if they wish the country to believe in their acquiescence, they will abandon their dog-in-the-manger policy, and prove that they were honest in the war by honestly accepting the judgment to which they appealed.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The freedom of a large number of the inhabitants of the United States, formerly held as slaves, was recognized and confirmed by the Emancipation Amendment. But mere emancipation left the whole class in an anomalous condition, the consequences of which it was plainly the duty of the United States to remove. It became necessary to define at once the relation of the freed people to the rest of the population; and Congress has therefore declared that all persons born in the United States and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States; and such citizens, of every race and color, and without regard to any previous condition of slavery, shall have entire equality of civil rights. Any person who shall deprive any inhabitant of any State or Territory of any right thus secured is declared guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than one year. The various law officers of the United States, with the officers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and other officers who may be authorized by the President, are charged with the duty of proceeding against all violators of the law.

This Bill of Rights is necessary, simple, and precise. It declares who are citizens, it defines their privileges, and provides for their defense. It pledges the whole power of the country to protect the civil rights of every citizen every where. It does not leave them to the whims of local communities nor to the prejudices of caste. It recognizes the right of the supreme sovereignty to declare who are its citizens, and acknowledges the duty of that sovereignty to defend them; nor can any faithful citizen object that his fundamental rights are precisely defined and maintained by the supreme instead of a subordinate authority. The constitutionality of the law can not be questioned except upon the ground of a controlling sovereignty in the States over the nation, and that is a claim which is no longer valid.

This bill—which is truly a Magna Charta—overthrows all hostile legislation of the States against equality of civil rights. The Black Codes, which seek to retain as many of the disabilities of slavery as possible, disappear before this just and beneficent decree. It announces distinctly to those who would still cling to feudalism in America that feudalism is henceforth impossible. It tends to speedy pacification by showing to those who still doubted the national purpose that all the consequences of emancipation have been well weighed and fully accepted by the country. It destroys false hopes. It clears away misunderstandings. It proclaims that when the United States abolished slavery they meant what they said, and knew what they did.

The bill passed both Houses of Congress by enormous majorities. In the House of Representatives the vote was 109 to 38, in the Senate 33 to 12; and we see no reason to suppose that the President will dissent. We hope indeed that by the time this paper is issued the bill may have been approved by him and have become a law. We shall hear of that result with sincere satisfaction; for when once the President and Congress agree upon a vital and fundamental measure like this, a better understanding and further agreement will be much more probable and practicable.

Sensible men in the late disaffected States will also be glad that a vexatious question is thus put in the way of settlement. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, in his late speech before the Legislature of that State, spoke very smoothly of the duty of giving the freedmen fair play. We have the right to expect his earnest support of this bill. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, and Governor Walker, of Florida, have shown great good sense in their action respecting the education of the freedmen; and they, too, will undoubtedly feel and acknowledge the wisdom of a measure which secures rights that they do not deny. And all citizens of the United States who understand that the country must and ought to be constantly agitated until the equal rights of every American citizen before the law are secured by the highest power in the land, will hail the bill as a measure of the wisest statesmanship, and an earnest of the national resolution that nothing which was really gained by the war shall be lost.

A REPORT UPON THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

We have received many letters discussing the eight-hours' labor movement, some of them very foolishly charging us with hostility to the laborer because we have pointed out the impracticability of remedying the evil of over-work by legislation. But the truth is, that the subject is controlled by other laws than that of a Legislature, and must be studied in the light of such laws. A regulation of the State making it penal to work for more than eight hours would be absurd; and a declaration that eight hours should be considered a working-day would be useless. If such a declaration could not be enforced it would leave the matter exactly where it is now.

We observe that Mr. Julian, of Indiana, has suggested in Congress that eight hours shall be a working-day in the Government shops and yards; and the New York Legislature has been considering a general proposition in favor of the eight-hours' system. In Massachusetts a Commission was appointed last year to investigate the whole subject, and, after careful inquiry and consideration, the Commission have presented a Report which we heartily commend to every working-man and legislator as a most careful, comprehensive, and sagacious treatment of the subject. The Commission was composed of gentlemen peculiarly fitted for the task by sympathy, intelligence, and experience. They have examined the question with the utmost sincerity of purpose to remedy existing evils, and have finally reported against the wisdom, justice, and practicability of an eight-hours' law.

The Commission sent into every town of the State to make the necessary inquiries and to solicit co-operation and advice. It also held public hearings in Boston. But neither the response to the inquiries nor the attendance upon the hearings indicated so vital and general an interest as had been supposed. It appears that in the chief branches of industry the "ten-hour system" generally prevails, except in cotton factories, where eleven hours is the general rule. The shortest time established by custom is seven hours and forty minutes for ship-wrights upon "old work" or repairs: the longest time is seventeen and a half hours in a few bakeries. The Commission found that the employés were generally in favor of a reduction of time, and the employers opposed to it. Yet those who favor a reduction are not agreed upon the nature of the necessary law. Some wished it to be prohibitory; but a law forbidding a man to use his power of labor at his discretion is a law destroying the capital of the working-man. So, finally, the mass agreed that the law should merely declare eight hours a legal working-day. But such a law is simply worthless.

The Commission are of opinion that the radical objection to making eight hours, or any other number of hours, a legal day's work is, that, by giving one measure of time for all branches of labor, such a law must be unequal in its action. It would not be an impartial law, and that is a fatal difficulty. Moreover, it would be absolutely impossible to apply it to some of the most common and necessary branches of labor. Thus the fundamental industrial interest of farming could not conform to such a law; and the extent of this industry may be inferred from the fact that the present cash value of farms in the United States is about *ten billions* of dollars. The Commission sum up their objections to the law as follows:

> "Because they deem it unsound in principle to apply one measure of time to all kinds of labor.
>
> "Because, if adopted as a general law in the way proposed, it would be rendered void by special contracts, and so add another to the dead laws that cumber the statutes.
>
> "Because a very large proportion of the industrial interests of the country *could not* observe it.
>
> "Because, if restricted, as some propose, to the employés of the State, it would be manifestly *partial*, and therefore unjust."

The Commission then proceed to a concise, able, and temperate consideration of various points involved in the question: the relation of capital to labor; the province of law; the law of usury; and the employment of capital. They show that capital and labor are not natural enemies, but real friends; and while for the reasons stated they are opposed to an eight-hours' law they think that in many departments of labor there is serious injury from over-work, and that in such there is need of reform. This reform, in their judgment, is to be accomplished by intelligent discussion and mutual understanding between employers and employed. They cite instances of such agreement. Thus the workmen representing, at the hearings of the Commission, the factory operatives of Lawrence advocated the ten-hour rule for factories, on the ground that the change from eleven hours to eight would be injurious both for the employed and the employer. The introduction of the eight-hours' system in Australia was not the result of legislation, but of the tranquil deliberation of all interests. The great co-operative movement in England, illustrated by that at Rochdale—the constituency of the late Richard Cobden—is voluntary and not legislative. In Germany and France, according to the Commission, the same movement is proceeding without convulsions and with the best results.

We know of no better service which could be done to Congress and to the Legislature of New York, and of every State which is now considering this subject, than to present every member with a copy of this thoughtful, humane, and truly valuable report.

THE DOWNWARD COURSE.

The debates on the Loan Bill in Congress on 16th and 19th inst. foreshadow the struggle that must be encountered before specie payments can be resumed in this country. All the manufacturers, all the coal-miners, all the producers of grain, all the holders of wheat, corn, pork, and cotton—every one, in a word, who owns property which is liable to decline with gold, is opposed to any and all measures that are calculated to diminish the volume or increase the purchasing power of the currency. It is the old story; the contest of property holders against the public. It is for the interest of all men—including those who now chance to own property and merchandise—that we should as soon as possible get back to a stable standard of values. But it is very hard to drive this truth into the mind of a man who bought pork or cotton or breadstuffs or dry goods at prices 25 per cent. above those now ruling. Such a one is slow to be persuaded that present loss will be future gain.

Partisans of continued inflation may for a few weeks or months sway Congress in a wrong direction. They may even prevent the passage of any measure of contraction during the present session. But they will gain little by the contrivance. The duty and policy of the nation in this matter are so clear that no delay will convince the public that they are going to be ultimately neglected. The Loan Bill introduced by Mr. Morrill is objectionable on many grounds. Its defeat on 16th instant was not an unmixed misfortune. But those who infer from that defeat that Congress is going to defer to the property holders who—under the lead of John Sherman and Thaddeus Stevens—desire to perpetuate indefinitely a system of irredeemable and depreciated paper-money, will presently discover that they have mistaken the temper of the nation. Honest men may fairly differ as to methods. One man may favor this sort of contraction, another another sort. One man may look for resumption much earlier than his neighbor. But they who conclude from the opposition already developed in Congress to the Morrill bill that gold is not going to decline, and that prices are not going to fall with it, will soon find out their error to their cost.

We showed last week that contraction was already in active progress. Over $175,000,000 of compound-interest notes, which six and twelve months ago were in general circulation, have now practically ceased to be currency by reason of the interest which has accumulated upon them. At least $100,000,000 of National Bank currency—say an amount equal to the issues of the National Currency Bureau—have within the past ten months gone South for the transaction of business in that section of the country. And, finally, the Secretary has managed within the past six months to retire about $30,000,000 of the legal-tender notes outstanding. Thus, without any new legislation, contraction is going on at a fair rate.

Even if Congress should, on reconsideration, refuse to accede to the demands of Mr. M'Culloch, his present powers will enable him to continue to contract the currency at quite an active rate. It is now clear that by mid-summer Five-Twenty bonds will be selling at 75, if not at 80, in London. At these prices the outstanding currency can be exchanged for bonds, and Seven-Thirty notes can be converted into bonds quite as fast as the interests of the country require and the safety of commerce will justify.

It is not at all desirable that the Secretary should be misled by the present plethoric condition of the Treasury into premature attempts to resume specie payments. Over twelve hundred millions of short-date securities are to be funded or paid off within two years. A policy which should precipitate a commercial crisis would deprive the Government of the means of paying off these securities and of the credit essential for funding them. But no one connected with the Government has thus far developed precipitate views on this subject, and the partisans of continued inflation exhibit a disregard of the facts when they charge the Secretary with desiring to rush forward to specie payments in disregard of the permanent interests of the country. Mr. M'Culloch's views have thus far been eminently conservative—as the continuance of the temporary loan at 5 and 6 per cent. sufficiently proves.

The great lesson which the public of producers, consumers, manufacturers, middlemen, merchants, farmers, etc., ought to engrave upon their memory at this time is that we are on the high road to contraction, to lower prices, to specie payments. They should beware of being misled by the defeat of this or that bill, by the temporary success of this or that advocate of continued financial disgrace. Let them lay it to their hearts that the American people are bent on rehabilitating their national currency and making it as good as the currency of other nations; and that whatever delays may occur, and however temporarily the paper-money men may seem to triumph, the restoration of a hard-money currency within a given number of years, if not months, is mathematically certain. Let them rely upon it that from this time to the day on which the banks resume specie payments prices will be steadily on the decline, with such reactions as are usual in speculative markets. From quarter-day to quarter-day every thing produced or consumed in this country will show a diminution in market value. Men who hold goods, merchandise, and other property will grow steadily poorer, just as the like class grew steadily richer in the days when the currency was being expanded. Labor will fall steadily in value, until wages decline to a point never before reached in our history. We expect to see common laborers working for half a dollar a day by the time that gold falls to or near par. This will be thrice the average paid in Great Britain.

Let the public beware, too, of believing that "the bottom" has been reached before specie payments have been restored. In the downward course there will be many reactions. It will often appear that prices are bent upward, and that a general recovery is about to take place. Such symptoms will prove deceptive. There can be no real recovery in prices until the national currency is made worth 100 per cent in gold. When that point is reached, it will be safe to buy any thing, for prices will naturally react sharply from the antecedent depression. But till then, seeming reactions will prove pitfalls of destruction.

Already the signs of the times point to the end. A month ago an active speculation in real estate was in full blast. It seems to have been short-lived. Recent sales at auction show a general decline in prices, and handsome country seats are for sale at rates very much lower than were current in 1856–7. Long-headed men have already read the future. In 1835–6, and again in 1856–7, this class of men refused to buy any thing, and were set down as simpletons by a younger class of operators who claimed to understand the times, and bought right and left whatever was offered at "the going prices." In the course of a few months the young operators were ruined, and their more prudent seniors stepped in and secured their property at almost nominal rates. It will be so again. The men who keep their money, and buy nothing in 1866 and 1867, will probably purchase in 1868 or 1869 all descriptions of property at prices as far below as the rates of 1863–4 were above their real value.

MORE LIGHT!

THE most important philanthropic association in the United States is the American Freedmen's and Union Aid Commission, which proposes the education of all the unenlightened population in the late slave States. It is not an impertinent philanthropy, for the welfare of this country depends upon the intelligence of the people, and ignorance any where is danger every where. The ignorance of Maine or of Florida imperils Pennsylvania and Iowa, and he is the true patriot and peacemaker who by every fair and honorable means aims at the education of all the people. The danger to the country is quite as much in the ignorance which puts the mass of the people at the South in the power of certain leaders as it is in the ambition of the leaders. The schoolmaster might have saved us the war. Education will certainly keep the peace.

The policy of Slavery has always been to keep the poor ignorant. Emancipation abolishes the chief reason of so barbarous a policy, but its traditions will long remain. The Charleston *Mercury* once said that the working-people had no more right to education than the slave; and General Howard now says that he believes "the majority of the white people to be utterly opposed to educating the negro. The opposition is so great that the teachers, though they may be the purest of Christian people, are nevertheless visited publicly and privately with undisguised marks of odium." Yet, on the other hand, there are gratifying facts which show the awakening of some of the more intelligent minds in the late insurgent States to the necessities of the case, and which indicate something of that "acquiescence" of which we hear so much and see so little. Thus the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah has written to the Freedmen's Aid Union, saying that he learns (what is true) that it has no sectarian character, and asking help in founding schools for the colored part of his flock. The Legislature of Florida has passed laws establishing a common school system for colored children in that State, and the Governor seconds the request of the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau to the Aid Union, that it will assist in erecting a normal school for the education of colored teachers. Governor Orr, also, of South Carolina, and Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, having visited the colored schools of Charleston, were so impressed by them that, after consultation with one of the leading colored teachers, they propose a common school system for the colored population of the whole State. These are significant facts, and show that some men at the South understand how the cruel ravages of war are to be effectively repaired.

The Census of 1850, which was prepared under the auspices of De Bow, who stated every thing as softly as possible for the slave States, and which, allowing for the losses of war, may be nearer the truth of to-day than the later Census, gives 568,182 free adults in the slave States who could neither read nor write. The number of free colored adults would very slightly reduce these figures. Assuming that there are 1,000,000 of freedmen, and even 500,000 poor whites to be educated, at least 30,000 teachers would be wanted. The annual expense would be scarcely less than $15,000,000. The daily expense of the war was about $3,000,000. Thus to educate for two years the ignorance of the South from which the war sprang would cost no more than ten days of war. If the States would undertake the whites, the expense would be reduced one-third. Would it be an extravagant expense? Would it be a waste of money? No; for as men are educated their demands increase, and their increasing demands start all the vast machinery of trade. Education in Alabama or Georgia quickens the spindles of Lowell, the looms of Lyons, the fields of the West, the presses of the East. Education is the best police, abolishing armies, destroying penitentiaries, and recognizing the resistless force of the State in a single constable. Every dollar spent for this regenerating influence would be sowing a seed which would be harvested a thousandfold.

The work should be voluntary as that of the Sanitary Commission was; and such the Aid Commission proposes that it should be. Moreover, it should be as heartily welcomed in the destitute States whose population it proposes to reach as it should be sustained by those which are able. Truth is not sectional. Ideas are not local. There is no proprietor's brand upon knowledge. Jealousy of so humane and lofty a work is impossible except among the foolish or the malevolent. It is worthy of the time and of the country. It would be the seal of reconciliation and peace.

COLORADO.

THE bill for the admission of Colorado has failed, and we are not sorry. The smallness of the population and the character of the Constitution were the chief objections urged against the bill, and the Enabling act was the main argument for it. But the terms of the original Enabling act were not complied with; and although that of itself is not a fatal objection, yet the facts as reported justify a doubt whether there was a fair expression of the population upon the Constitution. In any case the majority was suspiciously small; and the Constitution disables an intelligent and industrious part of the population because of their color. The general principle was advanced which seems to us very reasonable, that it is not desirable to erect any Territory into a State until it has at least the population necessary to send one representative to Congress. If Colorado wishes to be the equal of New York in the United States Senate, it surely is not unfair to delay her gratification until she is entitled to one member of the House.

A POOR JOKE.

ONE of the amusing spring jokes is the painful effort of the "Democratic" papers and orators to call the men who sustained the war against the Congress of Richmond, and the Chicago Convention *disunionists.* The gentlemen who with more or less frankness applauded Jefferson Davis and thwarted the United States Government in the agony of its struggle are very anxious to be considered the especial friends of the Union. As their political allies, the late enemy, could not overthrow the Government they are very clamorous that they should now control it. Next to the dissolution of the Union these worthy citizens would like to see a dissolution of the Union party; and as they have learned that loyal men are able to maintain the Union against combined Copperheads and rebels, they would dearly like to steal that name and brand their conquerors as disunionists. When they can persuade the American people that Benedict Arnold was a patriot and Patrick Henry a Tory, they may convince the same jury that Vallandigham and the "friends" of Horatio Seymour are true Union men, and the glorious multitude which saved the Union in war and intend to secure it in peace disunionists.

AVOIDABLE AND UNAVOIDABLE CAUSES OF DISEASE.

PHYSICIANS, in making out certificates of death, sometimes in the case of old persons, when they find no evidences of the presence of some one positive disease, set down old age as the cause of the result. Let us see whether this is strictly correct. What, let us inquire, is necessary to the absolute preservation of health, so that death may come entirely from old age without the agency of any disease? Food must be taken every day of the right quantity and quality, at the right intervals, and adapted to the different periods of life; the influence of all external agencies—as air, heat, light, etc.—must be perfectly regulated, and mind and body must be exercised in the right amount and manner in all the stages of their progress—all this requiring, as you see, vastly more alike of knowledge and judgment and power than are within the compass of man. But this is not all. There is requisite also entire freedom from unholy passion and desire, which are fruitful sources of disease in their irritating and depressing influences upon the nervous system, aside from the results of the wrong practices to which they lead. But even more than this is required. There must be the power to neutralize all those occult causes which operate so widely, producing specific forms of disease, such as scarlatina, malarious diseases, cholera, typhus, etc.

You see, then, that death absolutely from old age alone is an impossibility. Even if the occult causes alluded to are escaped, there must necessarily be, even in those that live most rationally, accretions of disease every now and then along the course of life—each one, it may be, slight, but adding to the aggregate which is to produce death at length in those who to all appearance die of old age. Even though there may have been no obvious attacks leaving residua, there always are in such cases slight morbid conditions engendered here and there—weak spots, as we may say—which have much to do with the final result, sometimes obviously and sometimes secretly. It is only when some one of these becomes especially prominent at the last that some malady is set down as the cause of death; and when a concurrence of several or many of them is the cause, though death comes really from a compound disease, it is attributed to old age.

Have you ever read Holmes's story of the Deacon's "One-hoss Shay?"—how it all gave out at once at every point, making a pile of dust, instead of breaking down—or, in other words, how it perished of sheer old age? An amusing description this of an impossibility akin to that of a strictly general wearing out and death of the human body. As

> "A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out,"

so we may say of man even when he dies at a good old age, in such a way that the physician can not see that he died of any particular disease. Even in such cases there is undoubtedly often "somewhere a weakest spot," though not discovered; and although there may not be, it is clear that many small weaknesses may produce the result as surely as a single great one.

In what we have said the reader can not fail to observe that the causes of disease may be divided into two classes—the avoidable and the unavoidable; the former, all those common causes which come from such agencies as food, heat, air, light, etc., and the exercise of the powers of our bodies and minds; and the latter, the occult and specific causes of which we have spoken. The classification is not, however, absolutely correct; for the causes of the first class are not avoidable to the full. To make them so would, as we have before said, require more than human knowledge and power. Then again, though we know nothing of the nature of the occult causes, we do know enough of the circumstances that produce some of them to enable us often to escape their operation. For example, though no chemical or other tests have ever discovered the nature of the cause of intermittent fever, the circumstances which favor its production are well ascertained, and we in many cases have some measure of control over them.

Again, the two classes of causes very commonly are mingled in their operation. Take, for instance, cholera. The specific cause of this is unavoidable; that is, no one can escape from its influence who is where it is in operation. But many of the avoidable causes of disease—that is, the common transgressions of the laws of health—are absolutely necessary in a very large proportion of cases, perhaps even the majority, to make the specific cause effectual in the production of the malady. And yet little heed do most people give to these avoidable causes, while they run after vaunted prophylactics, and clamor for impracticable and ineffectual quarantine regulations. So in the case of typhus there is a specific cause, which sometimes develops the disease in those who observe the laws of health uncommonly well, but it is peculiarly apt to do so in those who live in decided and continuous transgression of them, as is seen in the crowded and filthy habitations in some quarters of cities in contrast with the model lodging-houses.

The avoidable causes of disease operate with some unavoidable causes much more readily than with others. They, for example, have a great influence, as you have seen, in the diffusion of typhus fever and the cholera, but they seem to have little or none in the diffusion of small-pox, scarlatina, measles, etc. These latter diseases do not, like the former, have their special habitats among the crowded and filthy and vicious.

Take now, in contrast with such diseases as typhus and cholera, consumption, that great and constant scourge (and because constant and not occasional attracting but little attention) that causes in many quarters even one-sixth of all the deaths. The causes of this malady are all avoidable, of course with the limitations before noticed. There is no specific cause—no poison acting in connection with other causes; but the disease is the result of tendencies in the system generated by transgressions of the laws of health, and there is no case in which a true hygiene can win more signal victories. Even those tendencies which are inherited may be very generally removed by proper modes of living.

CONSUL GENERAL MURPHY.

MR. W. W. MURPHY, Consul General of the United States at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, has just arrived from Europe, upon a short leave of absence. Mr. Murphy will be most warmly welcomed by those who know how inestimable his services were in maintaining the honor and credit of his country during the war. That the bonds of the United States were in good repute among German capitalists is greatly owing to the intelligence, ability, and courtesy of Consul General Murphy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 13:

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman introduced a joint resolution that the aggregate outstanding United States notes, not bearing interest, and including fractional currency, shall not be diminished below four hundred and twenty millions; that all surplus in the Treasury exceeding forty millions in coin and forty millions in currency shall be promptly applied to the payment of accruing indebtedness, and to the purchase or payment of the interest-bearing debt of the United States; but the amount of interest-bearing legal-tender notes shall not be diminished by payment or conversion at a rate exceeding five millions per month. This resolution was referred to the Committee on Finance.—The bill to admit Colorado was defeated, 14 to 21.

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported back from the Military Committee a bill to incorporate a Military and Naval Asylum, for the relief of totally disabled officers and men of the volunteer forces of the United States. The bill was passed.—Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, reported back, with amendments, the Civil Rights bill. The amendments were agreed to, and the bill was passed by a vote of 109 to 38.

March 14:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson called for the bill to increase and fix the military peace establishment, which, after a full debate and the adoption of several amendments, was passed—yeas 27, nays 5.

In the House, the joint resolution relative to the Paris Exposition was taken up, and Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, addressed the Committee in opposition. Mr. Chanler, Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Rice, of Massachusetts, followed in favor of the resolution. At the evening session the consideration of the subject was resumed, and receiving several amendments, the resolution was passed—yeas 69, nays 50.

March 15:

In the Senate, the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and the House amendment agreed to. The bill having passed both Houses, goes to the President for his signature.

In the House, the principal topic of discussion was the Loan bill.

March 16:

In the Senate, Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, introduced a joint resolution on reconstruction, in favor of universal suffrage, a general amnesty, and admission of the seceded States.

In the House, Mr. Hubbard, of Iowa, offered a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Indian Affairs to inquire into the expediency of concentrating the different tribes of the Dacotah or Sioux Indians on one reservation.—The Loan bill was defeated by a close vote.

March 19:

In the Senate, the House amendments to the bill establishing a national home for disabled soldiers were concurred in, and the measure now only needs the President's signature to render it a law. The bill to provide for an annual inspection of Indian affairs was called up, and, after some discussion, passed.

In the House, the vote on the Loan bill was reconsidered, and the bill was recommitted without instructions.

GEORGIA AND TEXAS.

The Texas Convention has recognized the abolition of slavery, and will probably make full provision for the rights of the negro, there being only a very small minority of the delegates opposed to such a course.

The Georgia Legislature has just passed a law that all persons of color shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, and to be sued, to be parties and give evidence, to inherit, to purchase, lease, sell, hold, and convey real and personal property, and to have full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and estate, and shall not be subjected to any other or different punishment, pain, or penalty for the commission of any act or offense than such as are prescribed for white persons committing like acts or offenses.

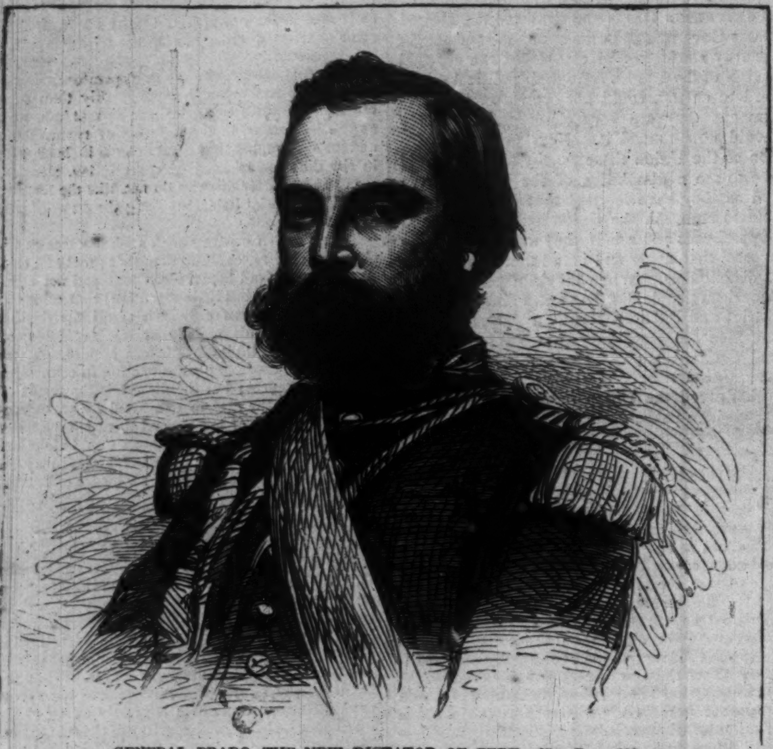
FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is considerable opposition in the Corps Legislatif of France to the policy of trying to keep a foothold in Mexico. The fact that a general election will be held in 1869 will have great influence on the Emperor, leading him as far as possible to conciliate the people both on this Mexican question and also on questions of reform. It is significant that M. Jules Favre, a member of the Corps Legislatif, has had the boldness to speak of France as absolutely dependent upon the will of one man, the Emperor.

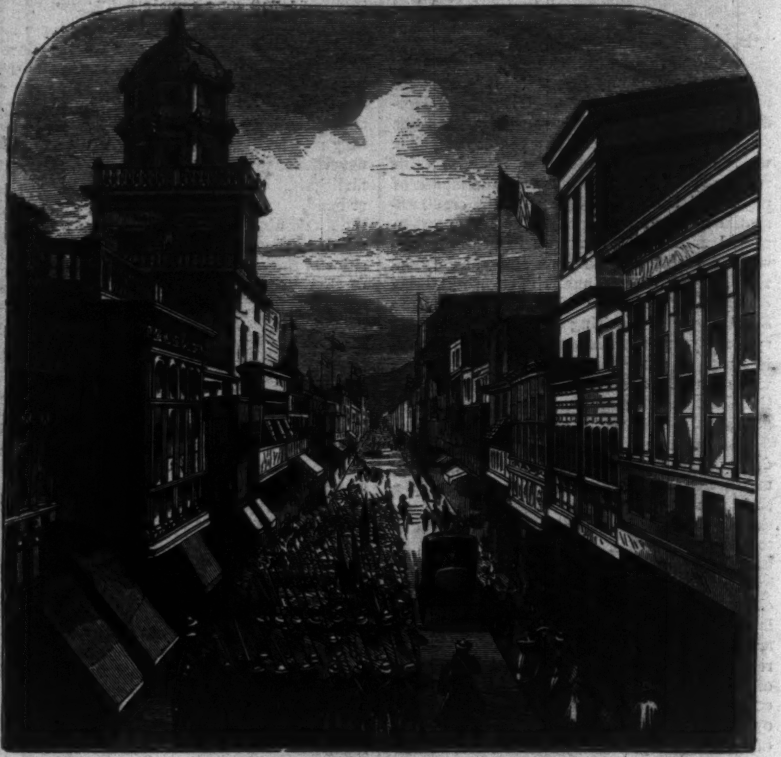
The London *Times* speaks of President Johnson's veto message in terms of commendation.

Prussia seems determined to annex Holstein and Schleswig in spite of Austria. Count Bismark has driven the latter country to the alternative of surrendering its own claims or risking war with Prussia. It seems likely that Austria will make the surrender for the sake of peace.

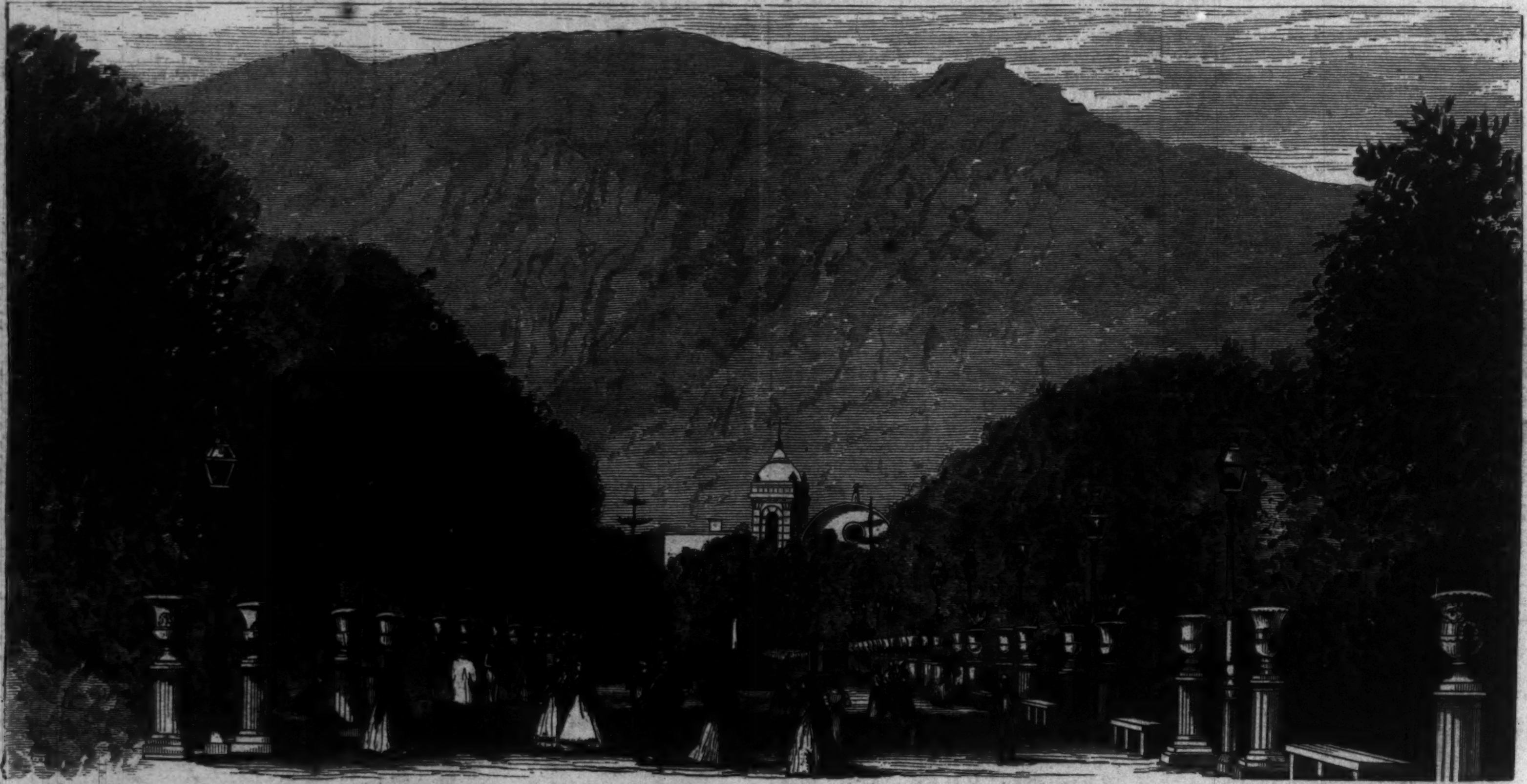
In China the Nyenfei rebellion, which has arisen from the embers of the suppressed Taeping revolt, was gaining ground rapidly, and Shanghai was once more threatened with an attack. The foreign residents were preparing to meet their assailants. Horrible accounts of cruelties inflicted on captured rebels by Chinese officials, under the tacit sanction of the British authorities, are published in the Hong Kong papers. In India disturbances had again broken out on the northwest frontier.



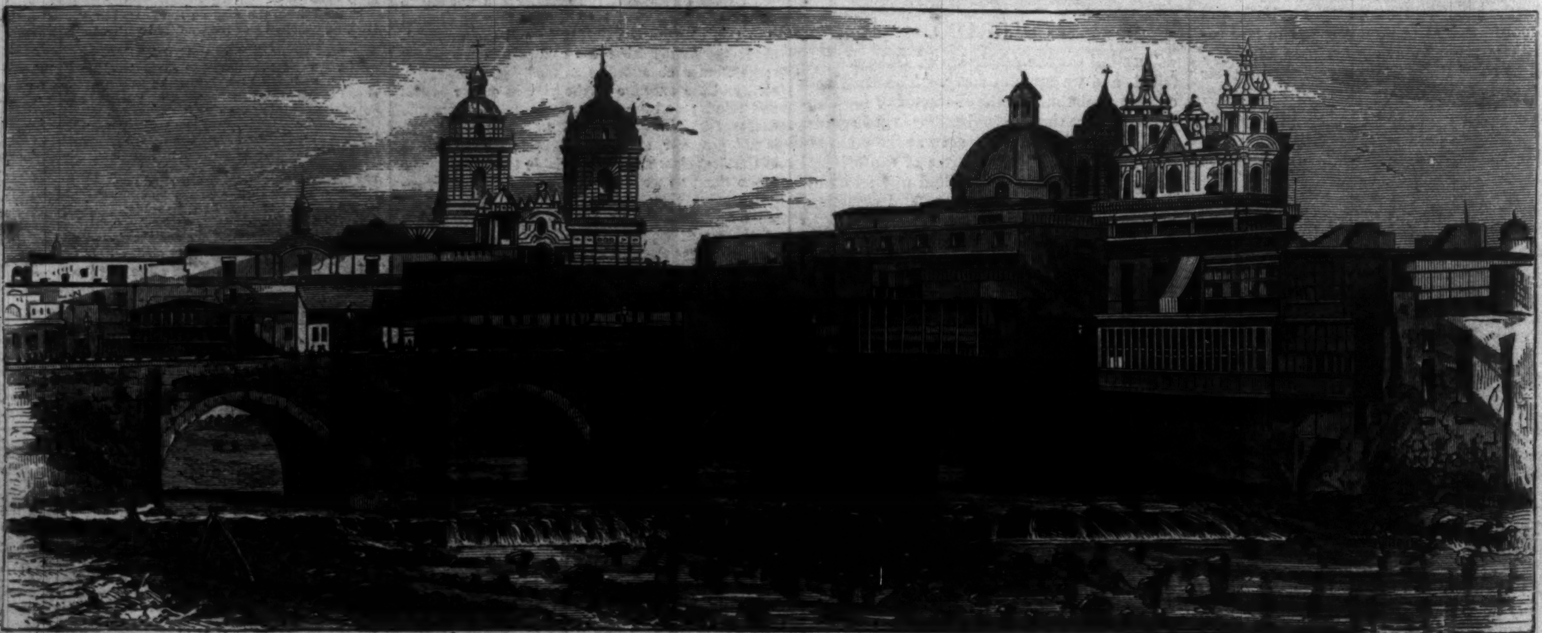
GENERAL PRADO, THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.—[SEE PAGE 199.]



MANTILLA STREET, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



INTERIOR GARDEN OF THE ORDER OF BAREFOOTED MONKS, LIMA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



SIDE VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF PIZARRO, LIMA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

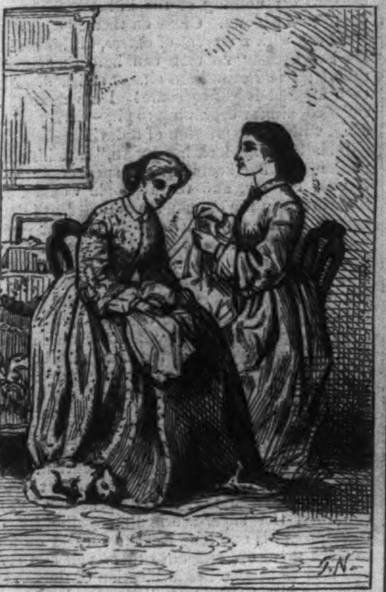
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



IN LOVE.

CHAPTER XII.

We really can not and will not permit our attention to be drawn off one moment longer from Dr. Peel; he looms altogether too conspicuously upon the Somerville horizon for that. It is impossible longer to ignore the deep and wide-spread impression he has made upon that intelligent community.

"Describe him to you?" says fair Anne Wright to an old schoolmate, with whom she is conversing, on a visit from an adjoining county. "I can not, Laura; you must see him for yourself, child."

"Oh, well, you can at least give me some hint, can tell me something about him," urges her curious friend—naturally curious from the perpetual reference she hears made to him beneath that roof. "Is he a big man?"

"At least not a little man," laughs Anne. "Yes, I do really believe he is the largest—I mean the grandest man I ever saw in all my life. Such a noble chest! His forehead, too, high and prominent. And then his eyes—the finest you ever saw—eyebrows, and hair all as black? That isn't the name for it. But his eyes—the most splendid you ever saw—look as if they were actually alive!"

"Why, so they are if the man isn't dead," says her more prosaic friend.

"Oh, nonsense, Laura! I told you I could not begin to describe him," says Anne, who is a fragile and lovely blonde. "There is a sort of soft fire in them, except when he gets roused; then how they glow and flash and scorch! And then he has such a voice, child; I do know it is the sweetest and deepest. And pa tells me he makes speeches in Somerville the most powerful—makes the people laugh one moment, and cry like children the next. And when he denounces the Yankees or the Union people! Why pa says his voice, when he lifts it, can be heard for miles. Pa says he is equal to Colonel Ret Roberts, if not superior. And then he dresses so splendidly! The finest broadcloth, the whitest and finest linen, the richest vests. I do think his neck-ties—figured silk scarfs, you know—are the gayest and the brightest. One notices such things so much more these days when we are all wearing our old things on account of the blockade—this old calico, for instance. And his jewelry, too! Pa objects to that in Dr. Peel. And I didn't like it in gentlemen either till I saw Dr. Peel. He wears several rings on his fingers, large ones, one or two diamonds among them. Then his heavy gold watch—I have noticed it when he takes it out to see if he ought not to be going—it is so massive and rich, with such a heavy gold chain to it all across his bosom. But you ought only to see his breast-pins, Laura! A different one every time, at least, he has called out here—the richest! What is most uncommon about him is the quantity of perfumes he uses. Pa almost swears about it. I don't object to it. Why, Laura, in his appearance, bearing, and all, his olive complexion, too, he looks like a Spaniard—a Spanish prince, so large and sumptuous and magnificent in comparison with us plain people."

"Why, the man must be rich," says Laura.

"Every body says so. He always has plenty of money, and he pays it out as freely as a king. The ladies there in Somerville have only to go to him to get any amount they want, provided only it is for the war in any way. Not our miserable, ragged, dirty paper-money; great round twenty-dollar gold pieces; and, you know, they are worth ever so much more than paper. And as to his politics, pa says he never saw—"

"Give for the war? He must be a good Southern man," says Laura, threading her needle afresh.

"I was just going to say, pa says he is most determined, active, liberal, confident; 'the most splendid specimen of a Southern gentleman I ever saw,' pa said, after Dr. Peel left here last Saturday. And that's just what we like him most for," continues Anne Wright, with enthusiasm. "You know what a hot Southern man pa is; but Dr. Peel is ahead of him, of any body I know. I've always been a good Secessionist, which is more than you can say, Laura. Now don't be offended, dear, but it's actually awful to hear Dr. Peel talk about the Yankees—the most despicable people, he says, in every sense of the word; yes, and proves it in a thousand ways. And then to hear him speak about the South, its extent, resources, glorious victories, future prospects, how essential its success is to the whole world—I can't remember it all, but it is like reading an oration."

"Yes; but why isn't he off for the war?" asks Laura, whose people, by-the-by, have been dreadfully suspected of entertaining Union sentiments. Plague take them! as Mrs. Warner is steadily remarking, you find them here and there and every where.

"You silly child, he is in the war. Not a private soldier to dig in the trenches, or to be shot down like common people. If you were to see him once you would see how absurd that would be. No, Dr. Peel fills some high position or other. He is often away from Somerville attending to military business; in correspondence continually with President Davis, General Beauregard, and the rest. He brought a superb sword all the way out here to show me, one that Davis had presented him with, gold scabbard, silver hilt, with a great red gem of some sort in the end, silver chains to it, and all. Pa pressed him to tell us more particularly about his position—it was only last Saturday. You ought to have seen his manner as he said it—'It would give me much pleasure, Major Wright, to inform you. I flatter myself it would interest and astonish you if I was only at liberty to tell. A gentleman of your intelligence, however, will understand that there are elevated and difficult duties—duties which require oaths of secrecy.' And then he drew himself up with such dignity I couldn't help thinking what a splendid Confederate senator he would make. Don't whisper it, Laura; but he has already told us that he has some promise, when the war is over, of the mission—you know we will have embassadors like other nations—to Austria or Russia or Spain, he was not assured yet which. But, my dear," ran on Anne, generally the quietest of girls, enraptured with her theme, "you ought only to hear him tell about being taken for a Federal spy there in Somerville, oh, months ago. He told us about a self-appointed Committee visiting his rooms at Staples's Hotel to examine. The idea was so funny, and then the way he took off Bob Withers and that fussy old Dr. Ginnis, pa like to have died laughing. And such splendid teeth, speaking of laughing, you know, he has! He had met with ever so many singular adventures in his life, he told us, but that being taken for a Federal spy he did think was the richest of all. He sat down on the spot, he told us, and wrote to the President a full account of it, just to give Davis, he said, one good laugh if he never has another. How they tumbled over his things, peeped into his boots, and all—pompous Captain Simmons and the rest. But he was glad to see it, he said; it showed the people were active and wide awake for the Confederacy."

"Why, he must have been out here quite often?" said the friend, with a smiling malice in her eye.

"No, not very often; that is, not very, very often," replies Anne, very red and then quite pale. "But we won't talk about him any more; I'm tired of it. How *do* you fix these gathers, Laura? you are such a wise body, and I am such a poor little good-for-nothing."

"Oh, you artful little goose," broke in her friend, "if you ain't in love with the man my name isn't Laura Rice!"

"What nonsense, Laura!" says poor translucent Anne, blushing very red, and then turning so pale it was unpleasant to see. "I never thought of such a thing. Me? I would as soon think of the Emperor of Russia. If you only knew him, what a great, magnificent—"

"Nonsense yourself, Anne, don't I know," says her visitor, who, being quite plain, was that much the more strong-minded and sensible. "If you don't know you ought to know that just such fair-haired, blue-eyed, nice little bodies as Anne Wright are the very ones your big Spanish princes are most apt to fall in love with."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Laura," said her friend, flushing with pleasure one moment, almost ready to cry the next. "You ever whisper such a thing, and see if I don't tell every body you are Union. Dr. Peel may have shown me a good deal of attention at balls in Somerville, concerts, tableaux. He may have been out to talk with pa about the war. I never once thought, I never dared to think of such a thing. If I was only a strong, beautiful girl, high-spirited, like Alice Bowles say—but poor little me? Why, he could put me in his vest pocket almost. *Me*, child! You think yourself mighty wise, but you never were more mistaken in all your life." And Anne vows she will never mention Dr. Peel's name to any body again as long as she lives, rattles off upon other topics for a while, and then becomes so silent as to be but poor company for her friend.

And Dr. Peel is a magnificent-looking man, no denying that fact. As Anne Wright said to her friend, he did look "the very hero of a novel, dear; Byron's Corsair, and all that. And sings? You only ought to hear him sing!"

He looks all this the more strikingly these last few days from contrast with Lieutenant Ravenel. The Lieutenant is a late arrival in Somerville. He and Dr. Peel, to whom he has brought letters of introduction from South Carolina, are inseparable. Any one can see what particular pleasure the Doctor takes in introducing him to all his friends—that is to say, all the gentlemen, not Union men, to be met on the streets. "A genuine bit of Charleston aristocracy, Huguenot blood, distinguished for his gallantry in the war; on important business from the War Department, though what that business is I can not get out of him," says Dr. Peel aside to his friends in billiard saloon and street corner.

If you observe them in Mrs. Bowles's parlor on a visit they make that lady, Dr. Peel looms up peculiarly large in comparison with the small, almost girlish, size and form of the Lieutenant. The Doctor is quite swarthy, while the Lieutenant is exceedingly fair and rosy, no perceptible beard yet—too young for that. A handsome fellow, too, in his way, in his neatly-fitting gray suit, the sleeves richly embroidered; the military cap sitting jauntily on the side of his head is off now, of course, and you can not fail to admire his light and curly locks. "My dear mother fitted me out before I left Charleston with her own hands," he told Mrs. Bowles in return for some compliment upon his attire. Such frank, open, cordial manners! Fun, too, always lurking in the corners of his dark eye and chiseled mouth, breaking out continually in ready laughter, artless and unrestrained as a child, over dimpled chin and cheek. Every body likes the Lieutenant on the spot warmly; you can not help it.

"By George! and those slight-built, pretty-faced fellows, girlish as they look, are the very ones to fight, you'll bet; perfect devils incarnate when a battery has got to be stormed. That's what the English people found out about their London dandies there in that war with the Russians," says Bob Withers in reply to Dr. Ginnis's sneers at Lieutenant Ravenel.

For a wonder Dr. Peel sits comparatively silent in Mrs. Bowles's parlor this evening, and lets the Lieutenant do all the talking. And Mrs. Bowles is in a flutter of delight over a visit from one direct from Charleston, and has a thousand questions to ask about Charleston and South Carolina. Lieutenant Ravenel knows almost every body and every thing there. She has vague recollections of having often seen the Lieutenant himself when a little boy playing on the Battery there at Charleston. His family she knows, of course, ever since she knew any thing. And the Lieutenant has a world to say about Rutledge Bowles, with whom he has been intimately associated, and whom he likes almost as much as his mother.

"Only, you know, Madam, there is no merit in that. Every one admires and likes Rutledge Bowles. How much he is growing to resemble his father in the portrait—of the Major, I presume it is, Madam?" says the Lieutenant, with a wave of the hand toward the old hero in his frame overhead.

"I am pleased to know it," says little Mrs. Bowles, all the mother kindling through her refined and thoroughly lady-like manner. "Did Rutledge Bowles send his photograph by you?" she adds, eagerly.

"He would have done so, Madam, for I heard him speak of desiring to send it only the week I left. The fact is, I was not intending then to leave Charleston, much less come so far south as this. Intending? Upon my word, Madam, I had no such intention. Just ten minutes before the Augusta train ran out of Charleston my Colonel caught me on the street with dispatches in his hand and a sealed note of instruction for myself. 'You will hardly have time to throw your linen in a valise and run,' he said. I did run, hard as I could tear, Madam; barely in time to catch the train as it ran out of the dépôt. You remember it is a good distance from the Post-office, where I was when the Colonel caught me. At the rate they hurry us a pair of fresh feet ought to be served out every few hours as a regular ration, Madam—a relay of wings, or something of the sort." The Lieutenant is so perfectly a gentleman, at the same time so overflowing with life and fun that he keeps Dr. Peel and Mrs. Bowles and Alice laughing, the first named especially, all the evening.

"I could wish Rutledge Bowles was a little more lenient toward the faults of his subor—I mean his superior officers, as they are called in military language," says Mrs. Bowles, not without pride. "He seems to be always in some difficulty with them. Yet Rutledge Bowles has, though young, a good deal of his father's, the Major's, accuracy and energy of character too. He lately sent me full drawings of all the defenses of Charleston, with an exact statement of the number and disposition at the time of our troops there."

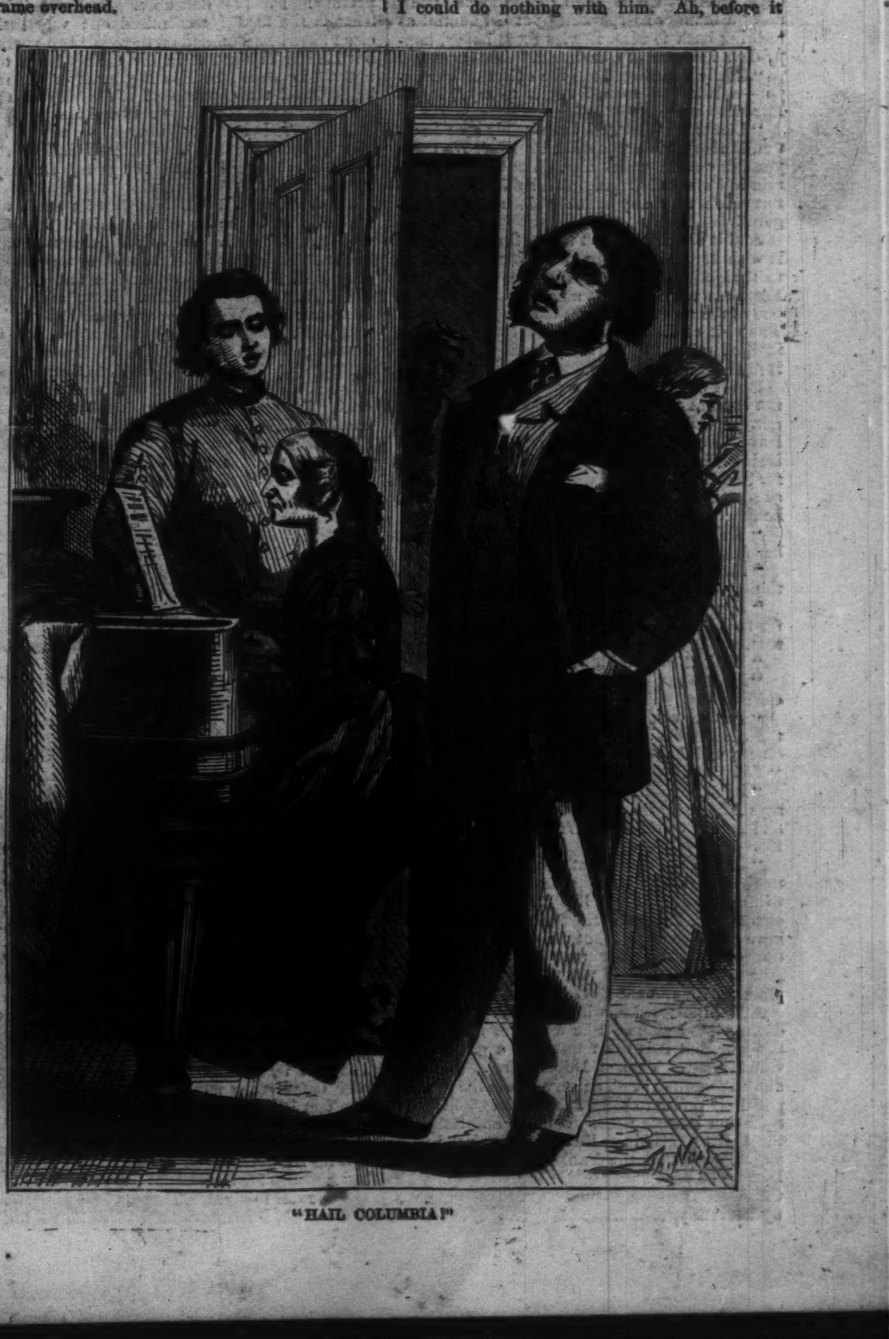
"Was that not rather—excuse me—against rules?" began the Lieutenant, politely.

"So he said in his letter. 'But since you have written for them, mother,' he wrote, 'I will risk it.' It was a foolish curiosity I had, not to see the drawings and that, but to see how well he could do it. Friends here also would like to see what Rutledge Bowles could do. Still I did not wish him to come unnecessarily in conflict with his—superiors."

"Oh, we all know Rutledge Bowles," says Lieutenant Ravenel, gayly. "For my part I do assure you, Madam, I have talked with him upon that very point often. You see, Madam, we were students together at—tut, pshaw, was it at the Citadel or—"

"Columbia," suggests Mrs. Bowles.

"What am I thinking about? Columbia. I prepared for Columbia at the Citadel. Columbia, of course. I could take the liberty with him, you observe; it is not every one who can. If Rutledge Bowles has a fault it is pride. But I could do nothing with him. Ah, before it



"HAIL COLUMBIA!"

escapes my mind, those drawings you spoke of, would you be so kind? And all the papers, in fact, if it is not too much trouble?"

It is no trouble at all. Mrs. Bowles knows exactly where the package is. Lieutenant Ravenel glances rapidly over them, but is so pleased with them that he begs permission to take them with him, will return them in the morning—they are well worth an hour's study. Mrs. Bowles consents, of course. The dear lady glows up to the smooth parting of her silvered hair with pleasure. A visitor, and a Ravenel too, from Charleston!—it is as an angel stooping from Eden to banished and pining Eve. What with South Carolina, the war, and Rutledge Bowles, the evening passes rapidly by. The gentlemen consent to remain till tea, Alice entertaining them while her mother absents herself, making some special arrangements connected therewith.

Neither of the ladies have any admiration for Dr. Peel, his sumptuous attire, jewelry, and essences. But on account of the Lieutenant, who remembers Alice, often met her with her nurse in King Street—her mother also, only it is so long ago, at Hibernian Hall he thinks it was—they can not refuse to pay the Doctor all due attention. Yet the Lieutenant is the soul of the evening, at tea-table, and after tea till near midnight. The war is, of course, second as a topic only to Rutledge Bowles, and Lieutenant Ravenel regards the attempt of the North to prevent our independence as the choicest of jokes. He describes their cowardice, how they scamper and squall for quarter in every battle till Alice can not help laughing heartily, while Mrs. Bowles's cheeks are wet with tears of mirth. "Not that I do not from my inmost heart pity them," says good Mrs. Bowles. "The madness, the frantic folly of their miserable leaders it is excites my anger. Poor creatures, the Federal privates—mechanics, I presume, most of them, ignorant persons. Yet they, too, have wives and children to sigh and weep for them."

The gay Lieutenant is grave in an instant. In low, soft tones he recounts sad, sad incidents which, he is not ashamed of it, have moved him to tears even in battle. "Poor, poor creatures! I agree in your Christian sentiment, Madam; yes, we can well afford to pity." But the Lieutenant is familiar with the plans of the Confederate generals, narrates skirmishes of which Mrs. Bowles and Alice have not as yet had opportunity to read. Nor, owing to their retired situation, have they had such full particulars of the noble fleet being built in Confederate ports and in Europe for the Confederacy. The Lieutenant tells them, too, of certain negotiations then in progress with foreign powers; imparts the fullest information in reference to the great revolution, already arranged and soon to break out at the North for the overthrow "of Lincoln and—pardon me, ladies—his hellish crew." A vast deal more to the same effect, all in a manner so sparkling yet deferential as to bring back to Mrs. Bowles those happy, happy days in dear old Charleston.

"Really you should see the editor of our paper—a Northern man, I regret to say," begins Mrs. Bowles.

"Lieutenant Ravenel has already seen Lamum, Madam," interposes Dr. Peel. "We spent yesterday evening with him. The *Star* will contain in its next issue more really interesting information than any number since the war began."

And it did contain just that. Somerville read it with keen pleasure or the reverse, according to the political tendencies of the reader. Mr. Ferguson regarded that number of the *Star* as one of the most valuable in his whole collection. The visit of Lieutenant Ravenel was an event in Somerville. Somerville, in fact, remembers it distinctly to this hour.

But it waxes late. The gentlemen really can not consent to trespass upon the ladies any longer. "Only one piece of music more before we leave," says the lively Lieutenant, who has been beside Alice at the piano turning over the leaves for her, even joining in with a well-trained voice, as she played and sang this and that for the last hour.

"Well, if I can," says Alice, with a smile, her fingers on the keys.

"Hail Columbia. Only for the fun of the thing, you know," says her visitor, laughing.

"You must excuse me." Alice has a taste for fun, but finds no amusement in doing just that, she does not ask herself why.

"Well, then, the Star-Spangled Banner."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Ravenel," quite decidedly, too.

"Pardon me, only Yankee Doodle, just for the amusement of it," pleads the Confederate officer, with hands clasped in comic supplication. "You play so well."

"I can be guilty of no such—such mockery," says Alice, surprised at her own depth of feeling and energy of refusal. With heightened roses, too.

"I really am amazed at you, Alice," says her mother, as Alice rises from the instrument. "A willful daughter, much like Rutledge Bowles in character, Lieutenant Ravenel. But since you have given us so pleasant an evening, Sir. Of course I respect your aversion to the North, Alice, but then— If you will excuse my poor practice, Lieutenant Ravenel—"

And Mrs. Bowles, who is a fine player, sits down to the piano. She does not exactly see the joke, but it is the request of a guest, a favored guest. Yankee Doodle first. She had almost forgotten it. The servants in the kitchen positively refuse to believe their ears. The Star-Spangled Banner next. Charles and Sally, in the hall by this time, listening, paralyzed with vague ideas that the Yankees have arrived at last. The Lieutenant beside her strikes in with the words after the first line. Mrs. Bowles glances up nervously, to meet the laughing eyes of her guest. What a willful, handsome, foolish fellow!

"Now Hail Columbia, if you will pardon my folly," pleads the volatile officer. It is a severe strain upon her good-breeding, but she has no time to refuse. This time Dr. Peel is on her other side, his deep voice swelling that martial melody. It is better sung than played, but splendidly done as it is. Alice is turning over a book on the other side of the room, the tears, to her own astonishment, trickling fast and free down her cheeks. Her emotions? The variation of magnetism not more beyond her analysis or control.

"It will be such a joke to tell Rutledge when I see him," says the laughing soldier. Mrs. Bowles is three-fourths ruffled with him, but there is a fascination about the young Carolinian which she can not resist. With the last note of the magnificent anthem the gentlemen take their hats to leave, apologizing for their long stay. And Mrs. Bowles has to apologize also for Alice, who has left the room.

"I fear I have offended Miss Alice by my whimsey in regard to that old music," says the handsome Lieutenant, seriously, and with penitent face. "I am heartily ashamed of myself. I fear levity is my besetting sin. Apologize for me, Madam; she must forgive me on the ground of our being both Carolinians. And may I beg," adds the Lieutenant, coming back into the parlor after taking his leave, "that you will not allude to my visit in writing to Rutledge? There are reasons—in fact, I am here on secret service." His peculiar position prevents the officer from saying more. No one has finer tact than Mrs. Bowles. She anticipates him, understands the whole, and hastens to express again her gratification at having met him. And so they part.

"I do solemnly declare, Fairfax, you are a trump! But look here, man, you carried it too far to-night, entirely too far." It is Dr. Peel who makes this remark over and over when they are safely in the streets, and once again with new emphasis when they are seated in the Doctor's room at Staples's Hotel.

His companion pays no attention to him until he has completed an accurate copy of the papers from Rutledge Bowles loaned him by Mrs. Bowles.

"Beautifully done," says Dr. Peel, after examining the work. "What a draughtsman you are, Fairfax! And the list, too; useful documents."

"Worth coming all the way to this little Somerville to get. You see we can buy any number of papers of the sort on the spot. But those are made to sell, perhaps to deceive; this we know to be correct. My conscience hurts me awfully, however," adds the Lieutenant. "What a perfect lady she is; and so unsuspecting! But that music was grand, wasn't it? That is the food I was raised on; very little else I have heard off and on these last two years; but I never enjoyed it in my life as I did to-night. By Jove! here in the heart of the rebellion, and the sincerest of rebels playing the accompaniment! Did you ever know such a joke?" And the young man stretched out his legs under the table, threw himself back in the chair, and laughed as only the young and happy can laugh.

However, for her life Mrs. Bowles could not see the point of the fun next morning. She felt condemned, guilty. And then passers-by having stopped, horror-stricken, to hear the music, poor Mrs. Bowles had to explain and explain the matter for weeks after. Most annoying. But when Mrs. Warner, on a special visit, with upraised eyebrows, "really could not believe it, Madam. Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, Red, White, and Blue, Star-Spangled Banner—all those miserable old songs, and over and over again, I'm told. Why, Mrs. Bowles, you must have heard how Alonzo Wright, only a month ago, when down the country for cotton, shot a man dead, dead on the spot, for only whistling Yankee Doodle thoughtless-like, for the man was a good Secessionist!"

"Mrs. Warner," interrupts Mrs. Bowles, very quietly, but with all South Carolina in her manner, "my daughter Alice and myself and our guests play and sing, and do now, and at all times, exactly as we see fit. You will pardon me, Madam; but how did you say your little Maria is? Well, I trust."

So that nothing is left Mrs. Warner but "Good-morning, Madam!" and to leave.

"But, Fairfax, I'm in earnest about it, in the interest of Government as much as in your own, do you not risk too much?" urges Dr. Peel there in his room upon his young friend.

It is amazing how changed is the Doctor's manner with the Lieutenant from what it is with Somerville; not an oath hardly, gentle as a lamb, not the least bit of a bully or a blackguard. Sumptuous Dr. Peel is a totally different Dr. Peel in every sense from what Somerville has known him. And he wears a business air, too, with the Lieutenant, his natural self evidently.

"Never mind about me, Peel, old fellow!" says his friend, gayly. "The only way to cross rotten ice is to skate your swiftest. You have your way out on this business; I must follow my way. I wonder if I have not had some experience by this time? My way of doing matters has carried me over many and many an ugly place—will carry me over many an uglier yet. The fact is, Peel, I wonder—by-the-by, what your name really is. Never mind about that. The fact is, I'm a man walking the edge of a precipice: over a scantling laid across an abyss: if I stop to look down I'm lost. But I'll be shot if it isn't fun alive, the whole thing. I always had a genius for fun—about the only truth I told Mrs. Bowles to-night. There, at the University of Virginia, we fellows used to think we knew what fun was. I rather flatter myself I was a kind of ringleader. Smoking the Fresh; deviling the Sophs; putting pigs up the belfry, tied to the rope, so as to ring at it all night, you observe; putting tubs of cold water over the tutors' doors, so as to benefit their debilitated systems with a bath as they came out; dyeing the professors' dogs and horses a lovely crimson—things of that sort. But this is a joke ahead of them, I rather think. As to the danger, that is the spice of the whole thing."

"And you never were in Charleston?"

"Not before the war; often since—on business, you observe, confidential and excessively private. Carolina, with a plague on the heroic little humbug, except that, I was never in it in my life. Thank you for your hints about Rutledge Bowles, only his mother gave me enough during the first five minutes. I *was* intimate with him, wasn't I? Splendid fellow, I have no doubt."

"His proud beauty of a sister was too much for you," began Dr. Peel.

"Glorious girl, isn't she?" broke in the Lieutenant, with enthusiasm. "And I'll tell you something, Sir, will astonish even you. That girl is Union, Sir—Union true blue—Stars and Stripes to the centre! You needn't whistle. I ought to know the signs by this time. While you were telling the mother that preposterous story about your acquaintance with Calhoun, I gave the fair damsel a full trial, just to be certain of it. I couldn't get her faintest assent to a syllable I said in glorification of the Confederacy, not even the assent of her eyes, steady *arrière pensée* there the whole time. It was to tease her as much as any thing I asked her to play those pieces. A Secessionist might do that, refuse as she did, probably would, but the manner of refusing! And with her brother and mother so dyed in the wool. Glorious girl! I could have hugged her on the spot for her principles. But, as to that, how any woman can stand Jeff Davis, Secession, war for slavery, and all, is more than I can understand—blind feeling."

"Exactly as a woman clings to a red-faced, foul-breathed, roaring, drunken husband, who curses and beats her and the children. It is my husband, you see. My country! The delusion lies just there," says Dr. Peel, with a sneer.

"Oh, as to that, it is amazing how many people I find all over the South who continue to know what their country *is*, cling to it, too, with all their souls. By Jove, Sir, I honor them," says the young officer—"honor them more than words can utter. They are the very best people, too, of the places where they live. I fall in love with them on sight, especially when they are females. I often meet with wrinkled, toothless old ladies. You see they know people can not well hang them, so they can speak out to their heart's content. And they do. I have heard them abuse Secession even to my satisfaction. I could have taken the dear old things in my arms. Whenever I chance with Union people off by themselves you can not tell what a severe temptation it is to tell them a little something. I can play upon them as a girl can on a piano; tell them tremendous tales of the success of the Confederacy just to see how melancholy they get, their faces growing as long as your arm in spite of themselves. And to see how they brighten up when I slip in a little good news the other way! They do not believe a word of it, of course; or shake their heads in such a melancholy way, their eyes sparkling. How they will rejoice when the old flag flies over them again, and all the air blows Hail Columbia! True as steel they are; but if one could only tell them how certain the thing is! However, all this isn't business, and I'm off in the morning. People might get *too* fond of me, you know. Lieutenant Ravenel, Confederate States service—good!"

"Well, I am ready," said Dr. Peel, producing a package of papers from his bosom. "Not much more in addition to what we have attended to already. But, first, there's a receipt for that last thousand you brought; much obliged to Uncle Sam and secret service. Now then. Here's—let me see—ah, yes, a statement of the rebel forces and so forth in my district, present and prospective sustenance, and so on. Tell them they may rely on it; I got the statement from head-quarters myself. You do things your way, Lieutenant Ravenel of South Carolina, but if you fancy there is a genuine Southerner of higher standing than Dr. Peel in all this district you are mistaken. By-the-by, here's a private letter. Do me the favor to leave it at its address in New York. It is exchange on London for five thousand pounds to my credit, you know; they'll understand it. A good joke, since you like jokes so well, in connection. That represents a cargo of cotton safe over the water in payment by the Confederacy for I have forgotten how many pounds of powder—"

"Permit me, Dr. Peel," interrupts his guest, with a total change of manner. "Do I understand—"

"I am astonished at you, Fairfax. Don't you *see* that the article was manufactured for this express purpose? We found it would throw up the ball in the metre about, say, three degrees. The standard in our service is rather over that, I think. You ought to have seen the proud satisfaction with which it was received. I volunteered to see to the stowing of it away. Necessary to take special precautions lest it should explode. Explode! And there it is at the Arsenal this instant, all ready in case of need."

"But," began the delighted Lieutenant, "how in the mischief—?"

"Oh, I had specimens plenty for trial, Dupont's best. The Governor shook me by the hand warmly. 'Splendid article,' he said. 'You see I'm an old soldier, and ought to know,' says he. 'We are under obligations to you, Doctor.' I rather think wooden nutmegs will cease to be quoted hereafter. The articles in the way of caps, arms, powder, clothing, every thing that Yankees in Havana, France, England, Belgium, have passed off for genuine cotton upon these poor devils is shameful. Not Yankees only. It does seem that the entire world has conspired with the leaders here South against the South. I am glad of it to my soul," adds Dr. Peel, with a savage oath. "That is what I like most in the thing—the cool, deliberate, thorough suicide in it from the start. Burned towns, railways destroyed, wharves leveled, whole regions stripped bare, to say nothing of the killed and the orphans and widows. Curse on them!" continued Dr. Peel, with a torrent of curses, all his soul in his bad eyes—"no man can hate them worse than I do, and even I am almost satisfied. And then all that is yet to come! I am more than satisfied, almost beginning to pity—*perhaps*," he adds, with the expression of a devil.

"Hallo, I say, look here, man," says his companion, looking keenly at the speaker. "War is war, I know, and these people would force their heads in the cannon's mouth. But I don't believe in the way you look at it. Take care what you say. If we are whipping them a tough enough job they are giving us of it, all our numbers and navy to boot. Besides, I am a Southern man myself, every drop of my blood." And the gay young officer had changed into a sharp observer upon Dr. Peel. "Besides, you talk too loud. How do you know but there may be some one listening? If there are, up we go, you well know," added he, with a peculiar gesture of his right hand, and resuming his gay manner.

"Never fear, I know what I am about. I'm too anxious to live if it is only to see the delicious ending. I have taken every precaution. Besides, I don't believe any possible event could make the people here even doubt me. The credulity, the super-astounding gullibility of these people is one long treat to me. I do love to work them up, and have them yell and brag and soar to heaven in glorification of the South. Such double-distilled fools!" says Dr. Peel, melting into contempt, and so becoming cool again. "However, business. There, that paper explains itself—the exact date, as near as I can get it, of that raid to be made into Tennessee. I think I have been tolerably accurate heretofore. There is another paper—sealed, you see; private even from you, Fairfax. Ah, that is a little petition of some friends about that Sergeant Boldin. He deserted from Grant—you must have heard of it—after getting himself scarified on the back some way—something like it in one of the old sieges of Babylon, is there not? It was his information gave us that delicious blunder of the rebels below Corinth. The Sergeant died like a man. You'll find the address of his family there. Seward ought really to do something handsome. Ah, here is that list of the Union men in my district who may be relied upon at Washington. If you are caught destroy that whatever you do; if it gets into rebel hands they'll smell out the cipher, and in that case good-by to the men. That would be a pity. There are two Judges, a Secretary of State, three Superintendents of conscripts, several officers in actual service. It amazes me, Fairfax, and every day—pshaw! no, it does not amaze me. But the *rottenness* of this whole thing! Talk of Southern chivalry! If you only knew as well as I do the frantic eagerness of these military men—not civilians mind you, but the officers, the very chivalry itself, to make money! All that is a thing, of course, with Yankees, but I did think there would be at least that difference. Why, Sir," adds Dr. Peel, with an oath, "there is not a dodge to which most of them do not resort to make a fortune out of this war."

"Laying up for exile and confiscation, man," says his companion. "And as their paper pay depreciates they will be more desperate in the work than before."

"And to do the South justice," continues Dr. Peel, with something like a sneer, "even you have little idea how very many Union men there are South, and not a man of them even attempting to make a cent out of the war, dumb, dead weights upon the rebellion those of them that escape hanging." The Doctor says this while selecting another paper from his package. "There," he adds, laying it upon the table, "read that, Sir; something actually done for the cause; the amount of stores destroyed is rather under than over the mark."

"Flouring mills, card factory burned; ten powder wagons blown up, two more upset in crossing the river—hum—hum; train of mules run off from—hum—hum. Why, Doctor, you are the very—steamer *Eliza* burned; thousand stand of—six pieces small cannon, fifty thousand pounds powder—hum, hum; machinery of percussion cap—"

"That was really a shame," puts in the Doctor, with a display of his remarkably fine teeth. "If you only knew the months of modeling, casting, contriving before they could get the thing to work. Just as they got all ready—I was really sorry for them, such a bitter disappointment. Reminds me of a little thing I didn't think worth putting down. I was on a visit over at the Penitentiary—a distinguished visitor, you observe. The Colonel insisted on showing me over the whole establishment. In one room they had an iron trough filled with the detonating mixture for caps. Very much interested I was, so much so as to visit the room again next day; had a handkerchief full of lime under my cloak, and—if those caps explode I'm mistaken."

"Destruction of the Arsenal at Jackson!" says the young officer, glancing over another paper placed in his hands. "You don't mean—"

"Certainly," says Dr. Peel, with an effort at seriousness. "The women and children I regret as much as any man. But war is war, and they *would* have it. You observe, there is no neighborhood in all the South in which one can not find plenty of hands. The blacks are too dull often, but the mulattoes are smart enough. Bless your soul, you don't suppose I do my work with my own hands? No, Sir, not if I can help it; besides, what is the use when I have so many ready for any hint from me. You could not do my work; it requires a peculiar gift. In one month I could lay almost every town in my district in ashes if I only gave the word. They are sometimes caught, often hung, yet they never divulge any thing—at least, never any thing to hurt. Miserable animals they are, of course," adds the speaker in peculiar tones. "Mere monkeys, apes, gorillas, but as mischievous as monkeys. They can not plan, have no idea of combination, yet they can do what is planned for them. They are called 'hands,' you know. And then they have such an innocent, ignorant, stupid look with it all."

"I am sick of the whole thing—sick, sick," says his companion, with ill-concealed loathing for his friend, and resting his face, covered with his hands, upon the edge of the table.

"How you reason!" said Dr. Peel, towering above the Lieutenant, bold and bad as Lucifer. "Forty odd blown up at Jackson. Why, Fairfax, those people had already—women and children, mind—had already made cartridges enough to have killed many thousand times that number of our men, and were hard at it still."

"How do we know, at last, but you are humbugging us?" says the Lieutenant, glad of some mode of showing his aversion, raising his head, and looking his companion defiantly in the face. "Who knows but you take the credit of mere accidents?"

"That is for your superiors to decide, Sir," replies Dr. Peel, even haughtily. "They have had no occasion to doubt me so far."

"Oh, well, it *is* none of my business," said his companion, hastily, drawing his cap down over his forehead. "Let us get through."

"Well," he adds, when Dr. Peel has handed in, without further conversation, his last report, "it is a disagreeable business. I'd rather take it out in open field. Yet few men in the field are as useful as I am—and as you are," he adds, with some hesitation, "Certainly none in such danger."

There is a long silence, during which Dr. Peel, business over, is refreshing himself with a cigar as he sits at ease in his superb dressing-gown, rocking himself in the best rocking-chair Joe Staples's Hotel affords. The Lieutenant, meanwhile, is securing the papers about his person.

"Being a Yankee," he begins, as if suddenly impelled into conversation by some new motive.

"I beg your pardon. Figuratively a Yankee, you mean. You are a Virginian, you know," interrupts Dr. Peel, holding his cigar in his jeweled hand, and emitting a long puff of smoke from his lips.

"There is nothing very wonderful in your knowing that," replies the other. "Others besides yourself know me inside our lines. No, what I was about saying is this: being a curious sort of man, I will be glad if you will tell me exactly what prompts you to your well known—I will add wonderful—zeal and energy. I don't think I am an idle man in the cause, but you leave me far in the rear."

"I have no objection to tell you," is the reply, "provided you will tell me why you are so active. I won't stop to be complimentary."

"Soon told," answers the young officer, who has entirely resumed his light and dashing manner. "I am a Southern Union man, ten times intenser Union than any of those Yankees North can be if they tried, because it is my native South which I'm helping to rid of the double curse of Secession and—I wouldn't have said it three years ago, I do say it now—slavery. I got my devotion to the Union from father and mother; had it deepened by the stand I took for it at the University; since the war began it has become my very life. The assassination of some of my dearest friends by the rebels, the death of my old father, and the destruction of the old place at the same hands, have helped matters; and I have an old mother—as splendid a specimen of a Virginia lady as ever lived—living at Fredericksburg, who lays her hand on my head and blesses me in my work whenever I see her. Martha Washington, Sir, over again," adds the officer, with enthusiasm. "Precious little I care for old Lincoln. In fact, I've had more cold water thrown on me at Washington than any where else. It is the rescue of the South from that wretched old Repudiator and his gang, and their abominable delusions and knaveries, that I fight for. You know all about the Crusaders and the war for the Holy Land."

"But why engage in this particular sort of service?"

"It just happened so: At the opening of the war a particular piece of information had to be obtained from within the rebel lines for a very special reason. No one would go and get it; so I had to do it. It became a habit, you see; the excitement of the thing, the success, a little praise from head-quarters, and all. And I always had a taste for masquerading—for the joke's sake. Why, Sir, I've passed any number of times for Davis's nephew; once or twice as his son—dangerous work that, as I do not know whether the old scoundrel has any son; but every man has nephews, you know. There is hardly a prominent officer in the rebel service whose near relative I have not been somewhere in my travels. I am a native of every State of the South, hailing, at some time or other, from almost every leading town in every State South. I have filled almost every minor office under the Confederate Government; been in every battle, without exception. Masquerading! Why, Sir, I've passed half a dozen times as a lovely girl driven from my home in Maryland, Kentucky, Nashville. I have been the belle of balls in Richmond and Charleston! You would have died of laughing to see me managing my crinoline and tossing my curls! By Jove, I can handle a fan and a parasol so well, at times I almost get to believe I am a woman, and not so ugly a one either! I have had love made to me by any number of military men; have been so enthusiastic for the cause; have had so many charming little ways—'Now, do tell me, General!'—'Please, Colonel, how many men have we got here?' and so on—that I've got more information than I dared hope for. But I've no time to talk. Isn't that the morning breaking?"

And the young officer rose from his chair, washed his face at Dr. Peel's wash-stand, combed his hair before the glass, and sauntered about the room as fresh as if he had just risen from a full night's sleep.

"Four o'clock," he added, at last, consulting his watch, "and the stage leaves at half past. Have up that breakfast, Doctor, you promised. I have already settled my bill—nothing to do but to eat and leave."

That Dr. Peel was a Power at the hotel was evidenced in the rapid manner in which a hot breakfast was served up in answer to his call to that effect down the stairs. The very countenance of the mulatto who waited on them with it would have indicated to a close observer that Dr. Peel wielded some unusual influence over him at least.

"You said you were in London, I think," said the Lieutenant, who, declining to sit down, stood beside the table eating. "I don't expect any sympathy from you, but did you notice the tomb of André in Westminster Abbey?"

"There were really so many objects of interest—"

"Well, I did. My father took me over when I was a boy; told me the whole story as we stood looking at it. I was fascinated. I suppose there may be some similarity in our dispositions—not our fates, however, I hope. There was a sort of harum-scarumness; a dashing mixture of Achilles and—by-the-by, what a fellow Achilles was for a masquerade! I never thought of it before! Months, you remember, in disguise at the court of King Something-or-other! Isn't that the stage coming up the street? And I had almost forgot. What is your motive?" said the Lieutenant, making a rapid finish of his meal, snapping together the lids of his valise, putting on his cap. "I'm all ready to be off—what is it?"

"None of the motives you speak of," said Dr. Peel, grim and sullen, behind the coffee-pot. "I don't object to the pay; it is to me an easy life; some other reasons, perhaps. But the chief reason," he added, suddenly, "is hate."

"Hate?" Lieutenant Ravenel of South Carolina weighs the words as he draws on his beautifully-embroidered gloves, looking keenly in his companion's face. "Hate?"

Few men sharper than Dr. Peel. "I would not have printed all that wild young scamp told you," he had said to Lamum after the issue of the *Star* containing the Lieutenant's information. "Lamum was wrong to do it," he remarked to Somerville generally. "Chaps like Ravenel are fond of exaggerating, making a great blow. Take my word for it, you'll find half he has been telling us is all a lie." With a tremendous oath, "I don't know but what his very letters of introduction to me were all a forgery!" Yes, very smart, indeed, was impetuous and magniloquent Dr. Peel.

Not sharper than young Fairfax. As that gentleman stands drawing on his gloves and looking steadily at his friend seated before him, the stage horn blows a second time, and with it the negro hostler comes into the room for the Lieutenant's valise, and "Mass Bill Perkins say, come or be left."

"You told me to take care I didn't carry it too far. You had better take particular care yourself, Dr. Peel," such singular meaning in the speaker's tones. "Upon my soul, I can hardly blame you; the times whirl so fast I hardly know how to think or feel; but, fact is, I have found you out, Doctor."

One can make nothing of the Lieutenant's countenance the expression is so strange.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks Dr. Peel, at last, but by no means the Dr. Peel he was up to that instant.

"Oh, pshaw! I know it. You are ——;" and he places his lips to the Doctor's ear to say it. Not over half a dozen letters to the word, yet grand Dr. Peel falls back from the whisper as if struck by a bludgeon, and his lively young friend is gone.

THE SURGEON'S STORY.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"THE only time," said the surgeon, "that I ever saw prisoners roughly handled was at Winchester."

The ladies united in asking him to relate the incident.

"We made regular trips," he continued, "once or twice a week from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. We did not mean to garrison it but to prevent the rebels from holding it. At the time I was speaking of we had orders to enter Winchester, and push as far as we could safely go beyond it, to find out whether the enemy had any forces in the neighborhood.

"We reached the rebel town in the evening.

"The General ordered us to rest for the night—until he could get the reports of spies, and of one or two scouting parties that he had sent into the country.

"We dismounted. The officers told us to make ourselves at home. The boys searched all the stables and barns in the town for forage, and others went out in squads to the neighboring farms.

"As soon as they got their horses fed they entered any house they pleased and took up free quarters in it.

"As a squad of three of our men were about to enter a barn in the outskirts of the town, three rebel soldiers suddenly jumped up from among the hay and let blaze at them. One of our men was badly wounded, but not fatally. His two comrades ran back for help. They soon returned, I tell you, with as mad a set of fellows as you could have mustered in Virginia. They hunted the barn high and low, every nook and corner, up loft and down cellar, but not a trace of the rebels could they find.

"We knew that they hadn't got out of our lines; for our pickets were too strong for that.

"There were some houses near by and we searched them. But we had the same luck—not a trace of the rebels!

"'Well, boys, we must give it up,' said Tom Rynder; 'but I'll be hanged if I see how the —— Johnnies got off. They must be here—somewhere nigh by, too—but they've given us the slip as slick as grease.'

"'Not much they haven't,' shouted Bill Green, a Maryland soldier; 'you don't find this child leave this till he collars them doggoned rebs. I tell you they're inside ten rods of here, some'eres, and I tell *you* I'm agwine to get 'em dead or alive. I know their tricks, by jolly, and I tell you they're in that house thar some'eres or other. Hillo! Look at that hole! How are *you*, Johnnie? I'm after you!'

"And with that characteristic speech off he ran to the nearest house, which we had searched already from top to bottom. The houses there have no cellars. They are generally raised about three or four feet from the ground, and sometimes rest on a stone foundation which is built all round; and sometimes again they rest on a little piece of masonry at the corners only, while the spaces between them are banked up with earth. In the banking of this house there was an opening that none of us had noticed. The Marylander made for it and squatted on his knees and peeped in.

"'Are they there?' we shouted.

"He looked up and said nothing. He was evidently disappointed.

"'No,' he said at last, after musing a while, 'but they're here some'ere, and I'm agwine to find them. Hillo! bub, come here! Come along with me!'

"A little fellow had just come out from the house. He hung back, but Bill coaxed him into the barn. I went with him. Bill told the other men to keep the women of the house inside, talking to them, so that they might not see him with the boy.

"'Now, bub,' said Bill to the boy, 'do you know that I'm agwine to burn down your house?'

"The boy looked scared.

"'Oh, please not, Sir,' he cried; 'them fellars ain't thar; true's death, Sir, they's not thar.'

"'And I'm agwine to hang your dad, bub,' added Bill, without taking any notice of what the boy had said; 'and, likewise, I'll be obleeged to give you the goldarnest whaling you ever heerd tell on in all your born days!'

"'Oh, please don't, Sir!' cried the little fellow again—he was thoroughly frightened now—'the solgers ain't thar.'

"'How do you know?' asked Bill.

"'I knows they ain't,' replied the boy.

"Bill seized him by the collar and spoke fiercely.

"'Now, boy, I'll hang you and your dad, and burn down your house in ten minutes, if you don't tell me whar them fellers is hid!'

"'Oh, please, Sir, I'm afraid,' said the boy.

"'Don't be afeerd,' Bill told him—'they sha'n't harm you; nobody sha'n't harm you *but me*; and, by hockey, I'll pull your gizzard out and hang you double quick if you don't out and tell right off whar they're hid!'

"The boy was now completely cowed.

"'Well, Sir,' he said, 'they's hid under our house. They's dug a hole in the ground right below the middle of the parlor. You can't see it when you look in that hole in the bankin', bekase they totted all the dirt away, and you see it's too dark to notice the other hole thataway.'

"'All right, bub,' said Bill, 'you'll be a man before your mother if you keep your eye peeled! We won't hurt you.'

"'Oh, please, Sir,' cried the boy, 'don't burn down our house; we's Union folks!'

"'In what direction?' asked Bill, with a grin.

"'I don't know nothin' about ary direction,' said the boy, with a puzzled look.

"'Oh you don't?' continued Bill, 'well, ye oughter. You oughter say you're Union—

'Over the left, you know, over the left,'

he sang.

"Bill rushed out, and told one of the soldiers to stand with his revolver cocked at the hole in the banking, and to shoot down the first man that tried to escape through it.

"Then he went into the house and asked for an axe.

"'What in the world do you want with an axe?' the old woman inquired, with an anxious glance at his face.

"'*Axe* me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies,' said Bill; 'but, unless ye want this house burned over yer head, bring me one in less than two-forty.'

"The woman saw that Bill was in no mood to be trifled with, and went and got the axe without any more ado.

"Bill then turned to the three soldiers who had followed him into the house and told them to draw their revolvers and be ready to shoot. They did so.

"Without a word Bill seized the carpet at the edges and tore it up.

"The women screamed.

"'Lord a messy!' shouted the old woman, 'what on airth are ye spiling my carpet for? The ole man and all on us is Union, and hez allers bin!'

"''Pon my word and honor,' added one of the daughters, 'there ain't nary reb hid in our house.'

"'We don't know nary thing about ary reb,' said another young woman.

"They all made a fuss and hollered, but Bill took no more notice of them than if they had been a parcel of hogs. He tore every bit of the carpet from the floor.

"As soon as he had done it he took the axe, and with one blow broke through the thin floor.

"'Be ready, boys!' he said.

"The women were crying and screaming and talking Union all the time.

"One or two blows made quite a large opening, and with a single jerk Bill tore up the flooring.

"What do you suppose we saw?

"There lay the three rebs, dressed in dirty homespun, huddled together at the bottom of a wide hole that they had dug beneath the house.

"Bill was a powerful fellow. He seized one of the rebels by the nape of the neck, and not only pulled him out, but pitched him to the further corner of the room. One of our boys instantly covered him with his pistol.

"Without waiting to rest, Bill served the two others in the same way.

"You ought to have seen him as he turned to the women:

"'Well, old Sixpence, you're Union, you ar? an' the ole man? and allers hez bin? And *you* never seed no reb, you never did, Miss Brass? Nor you nuther, on your word and honor, Miss Secesh?'

"They hung down their heads, blushed up to the eyes, and left the room without saying a word.

"We disarmed the rebels and led them to the General. But it was hard work. I never saw our men so exasperated. They wanted to lynch these assassins. If our wounded man had died I don't believe the General could have held them back.

"Next day we had orders to return to Harper's Ferry. The three rebs were lariated to the bows of saddles, and forced to keep up with us all day long on foot. Their shoes were taken from them, and they had 'a hard road to travel, I believe,' that day. That was all the punishment ever inflicted on them for the attempted assassination of our men.

"This," added the Surgeon, "was in the days when we made war on peace principles, and it would not have done then to have hanged these wretches. It might have exasperated the South, you know. So, as I said, all we did to them was to force them for one day to keep step to the music of the Union cavalry's hoofs."

THE NEW DICTATOR OF PERU.

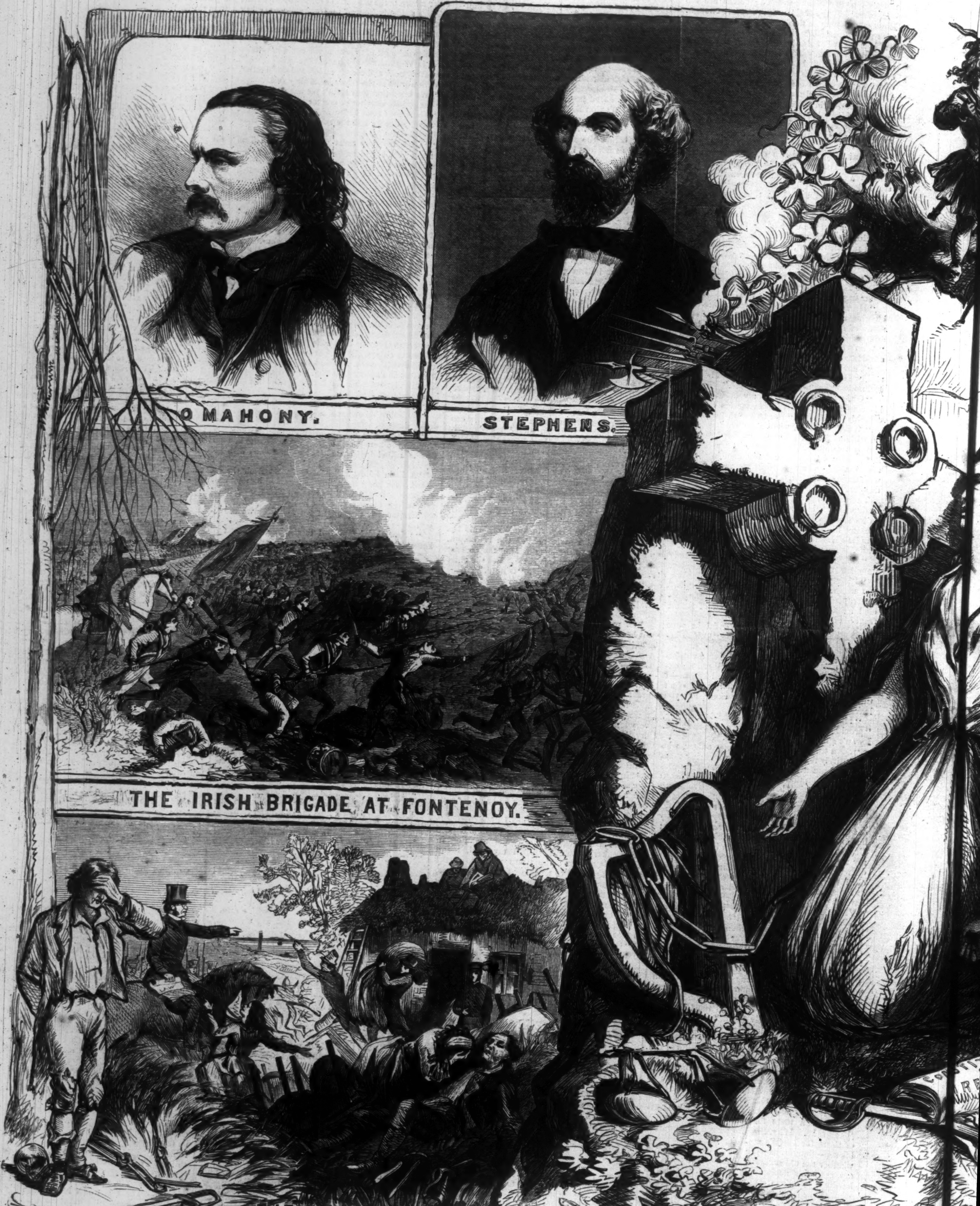
THE revolution which has recently been consummated in the republic of Peru, originating, as it seems, in a feeling of dissatisfaction among the soldiers and population of the southern provinces at the behavior of President PEZET'S Government in submitting to the insolent demands of Spain last year, has resulted in the establishment of a dictatorship in the hands of the new President, General PRADO, who was proclaimed at a meeting in the Plaza of Lima on the 26th of November. The Peruvians seem to feel the necessity of immediate and vigorous measures, as the only means of maintaining the national honor and saving the country from further financial difficulties. The new President promises well. There has been a thorough investigation into the public finances, and a system of taxation is shortly to be established, in order to make up the deficiency and to prevent an entire dependence upon the transient revenue of the guano trade. A general abolition of all privileges and pecuniary grants unlawfully accorded by former governments has been decreed and carried into execution. Several bureaus and all unnecessary offices have been suppressed. A central court of justice has been appointed for the speedy trial and punishment of all persons belonging to the public service who may be guilty of treason, dishonesty in the discharge of their duties, or other crimes. Further, public schools have been decreed for the diffusion of education among the poorer classes. These movements are all in the right direction, and indicate that the Government is in earnest for the welfare of the country.

VIEWS IN LIMA, PERU.

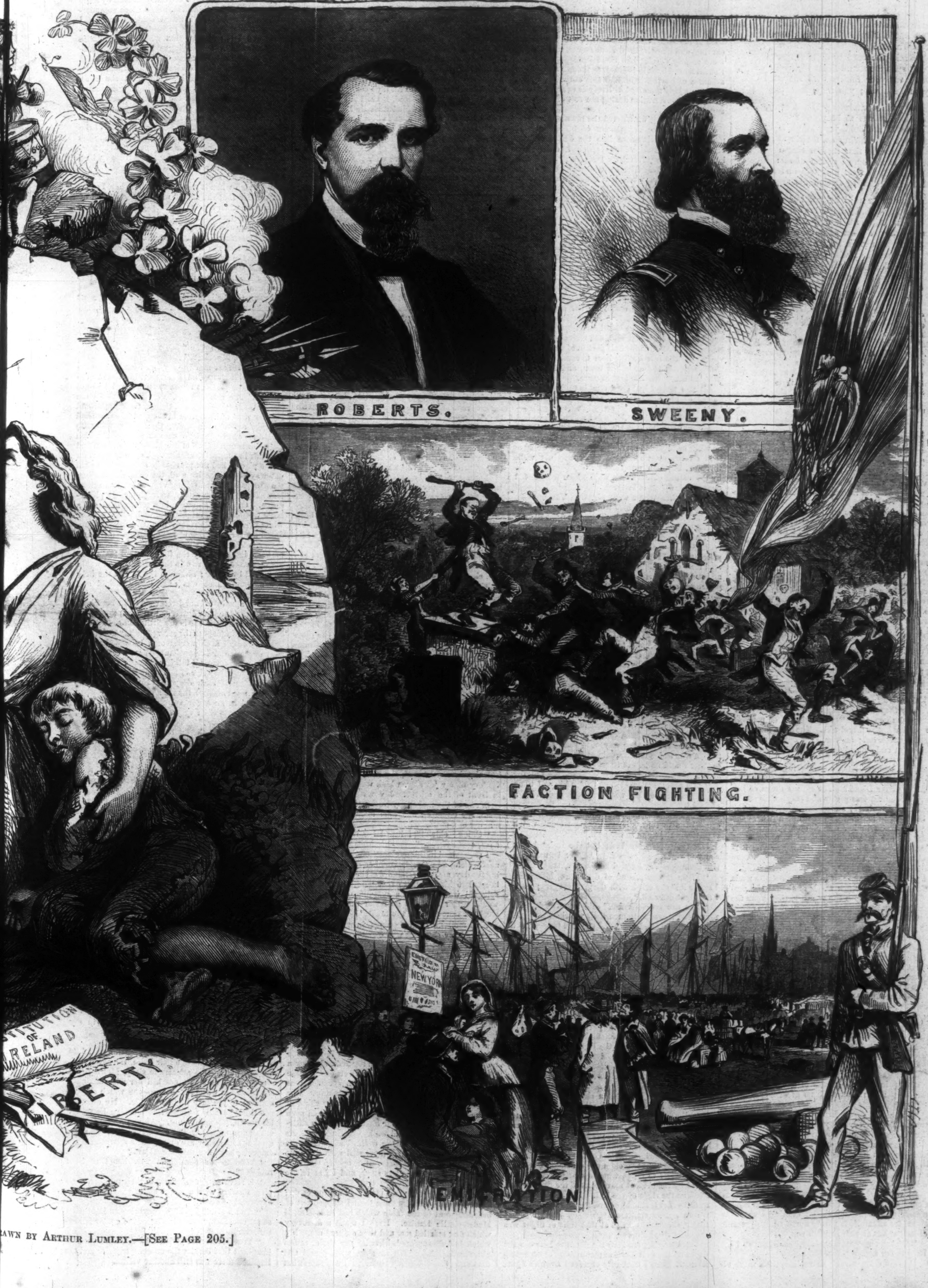
WE give our readers on page 196 a portrait of the new Dictator of Peru; and three interesting Views of Lima, the capital of that country.

Lima—in accordance with the old custom which required that great cities should be built at some distance from the sea-port, in order to place them out of the reach of piratical invasion—is situated about two leagues from the Bay of Callao, on the banks of the Rimac. The site of the city was chosen by PIZARRO, in 1535. In half a century the city is said to have been peopled by 100,000 souls. But what a decline since then! In 1836 the population was only 54,000. The view of Lima, as one approaches it from the distance, is very magnificent; but the entrance to the city does not justify the anticipations aroused by a more remote observation. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes the houses are rarely very high, though, as will appear from our illustrations, there are marked exceptions to this custom of building houses only one or two stories in height. On an average there are about forty-five earthquakes per year in Lima. About once in half a century these shocks are extremely violent and ruinous. In this way the whole city has several times been reduced to a heap of rubbish. The most destructive of these occurred in 1746. A little more than an hour before midnight the earth began its tremblings, and in three minutes the city lay in ruins. Of more than 3000 houses only 21 escaped entire. The towers of the cathedral were overthrown. The bridge across the Rimac, of which we give a sketch, was the only public work which escaped. The sea, which had suddenly receded from the shore under the impulse of the shock, with its refluent wave buried Callao and its 5000 inhabitants in an utter and everlasting silence, leaving no vestige of the wreck which it had made!

Our VIEWS IN LIMA are photographic leaves from the "Rays of Sunlight," photographed by A. GARDNER, and published by PHILP & SOLOMONS, Washington.


O'MAHONY.
STEPHENS.
THE IRISH BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.
EJECTING THE TENANT.
LUMLEY.

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.—DRAWN


ROBERTS.
SWEENY.
FACTION FIGHTING.
EMIGRATION
NEW YORK
STITUTION OF IRELAND
LIBERTY

rawn by Arthur Lumley.—[See Page 205.]

HELEN GREY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason you should pout,
And like a March wind veer about,
And frown, and say your shrewish say?
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,
Don't cut your fingers with the edge
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Grey,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way;
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all:
Take heed, you yet may trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,
Come down, and take a lowlier place,
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down you must perforce some day:
For years can not be kept at bay,
And fading years will make you old;
Then in their turn will men seem cold,
When you yourself are nipped and gray.

LA SONNAMBULA.

THE country between St. Nazaire and Vannes is neither beautiful nor interesting. Sombre forests of fir, stretching over mile after mile of undulating plain, and seldom varied by the appearance of a peasant's cottage or the mansion of a Breton noble, oppress the eye and fatigue the mind to such a degree that the wearied traveler is fain to turn his attention to the inside of the carriage, should he be unlucky enough to journey by the jog-trot railway that runs through this desert. There is not even excitement at the stations—in fact, excitement of any sort is discouraged by the paternal Government of France. It is unhealthy—it disturbs the mental equilibrium of the people; wherefore the utmost regularity of thought and action is produced by a discreet system of national education, which is just as visible at railway stations as elsewhere. You are not allowed, for instance, to walk up and down the platform—the impatience and suspense might produce agitation: you are therefore cooped up in an apartment according to the class whereby you travel; the train is placed so that its first-class, second-class, and third-class carriages are directly opposite these respective apartments, and at a given moment the doors are opened and you are propelled into your proper place in the train, under the superintendence of several *sergents-de-ville*. So that in traveling through the country there is not even variety met with at these halting-places. You glide into the empty station, suddenly the doors are thrown open, in scramble a few Breton peasants, and away you go again through the interminable forests of fir.

For fellow-travelers I had a lady and gentleman of uncertain age—the latter might be about thirty-five; the former was good-looking, which ought to obviate all speculations as to years. They were not married, for he seemed particularly courteous and attentive to her; they were not brother and sister, for they were utterly unlike each other. I concluded them to be simply friends, or perhaps prospective husband and wife. The gentleman was somewhat reserved; answered her inquiries kindly but curtly; and seemed more amused than interested by her remarks. But how shall I describe the admirable manner—the ever-varying beauty, the brilliant, witty, bashful, and simple conversation of his younger friend? The artless grace of her every movement was pretty and perplexing as the motions of a squirrel; she was constantly changing in her look, in her mood, even in the attitudes she formed; while in her casual observations there were such subtle drolleries, such unconscious shrewdness and humor, that the longer you listened the more you were charmed.

She dropped her glove.

I picked it up; and this little circumstance made us friends. From a few words of thanks she proceeded to remark upon the weather, then upon the country, upon the Breton populace, upon the French, upon the English, and their barbarous customs. She was indescribably engaging; she laughed and chatted, grew serious, and abruptly darted again into comedy; teased her companion for his austerity and reticent smiles; and gave herself such pretty airs and graces that one could have fancied her a child of thirteen. She asked me if I had seen "Le Drac" when in Paris; if I had read the last new novel burlesquing the English; then hummed an air from the last page of the *Journal du Dimanche*—a very un-Sunday-like magazine which she held in her hand.

"What I reverence in you English is your power, your grandeur, your great wealth. You are all rich—all very rich, are you not?"

Despite the charming simplicity with which the question was asked, I was obliged, in reply, to suggest that in England I knew of one or two people who might be richer, with no great detriment to themselves.

"Why, you carry fortunes on your fingers, in your watch-pockets, in your purses. Will Monsieur think me rude if I ask to see his ring?"

At once the trinket was in her possession, and with quite an infantine curiosity did she examine it. She then passed it to her companion, whose attention had already been fixed upon it while it was yet on my finger.

"You will think us monsters of rudeness, Monsieur," said he; "but English workmanship is quite a novelty to us. The quaint figuring around the stone, for example, is purely northern. I presume Monsieur has also an English watch?"

"Of the eighteenth century," said I; "an heirloom in our family."

"What a treasure!" he replied, with more vivacity than he had hitherto revealed. "Would Monsieur have the goodness—?"

They were no less delighted with the watch, and insisted on my opening it to show its internal construction and the jewels which it contained. The back of the watch was also admired, with its quaint carving, and likewise its precious stones, which were more readily visible than those inside. The gentleman leaned back in his seat, as though somewhat ashamed of having exhibited this curiosity, while the young lady remained as lively as ever, and continued her conversation during the rest of the journey.

Toward evening we entered the town of Vannes, the capital of the department of Morbihan. I pitched my traveling-case into the first omnibus that presented itself, which happened to be that belonging to the "Hôtel du Dauphin;" and I observed that my lady friend was also about to enter the same vehicle, when her companion made a slight gesture of dissent.

"Which hotel?" he inquired of the conductor.

"'Hôtel du Dauphin,' Monsieur."

He remained a moment in doubt.

"There is the 'Hôtel de la Croix Verte,'" he remarked to his companion, "and the 'Hôtel de France.'"

"*Le voici—par ici, Monsieur?*" cried another conductor, with an expressive motion of the hand and courteous inclination of the body.

The lady terminated the little debate by a slight shrug of her shoulders at her companion's hesitation; then, giving the conductor her small quantity of luggage, stepped into the omnibus, and we all three drove off to the Hôtel du Dauphin. Having taken apartments, and ascertained that the *table-d'hôte* was fixed for half past five, we took advantage of the intervening hour to ramble through the quaint old streets of the town, and admire its extraordinary domestic architecture.

All this time I had been unable to discover the names of my companions; she only called him Louis; he addressed her sometimes as Denise—oftener as Mademoiselle. As our acquaintance had begun without the usual English preliminaries of formal introduction or card-presenting they were no wiser as regarded myself; nevertheless, we were soon on the most amicable terms, and our walk through the town was rendered doubly agreeable by the casual observations with which we greeted every fresh object of interest.

And of these there were plenty. The uneven, narrow, straggling streets were full of an old-fashioned, picturesque beauty. The projecting second stories of the houses, adorned with grotesque wooden carving and full-length figures of saints, the open casements of green glass crossed into diamond panes, the ancient walls of the town, the grass-covered fosse of the Tour du Connétable, the venerable and stately proportions of the cathedral, altogether presented an admirable picture of a feudal town of the Middle Ages, and only required the introduction of a few long-haired, sallow-featured, and strangely-dressed peasants to add to it a thorough Breton character. Mademoiselle Denise was enraptured with these quaint characteristics of a former age. She seemed to have little acquaintance with the manners or appearance of the Bretons; every fresh object was matter for fresh wonder, and our walk was indescribably delightful.

She was no less agreeable when we returned to dine. She was the only lady present at the *table-d'hôte*; but she conversed freely, even when the subject of our talk became general. In fact, at one point, she led the conversation to that which had begun our acquaintance.—the subject of watches, and, in her laughing way, said that if the gentlemen who were present would produce their watches there would no two of them be found precisely to agree.

"And a gentleman always prides himself upon the correctness of his watch," she added, with a playful irony.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," said one gentleman, "you compel me to contradict you. My friend's watch is precisely the same as my own."

Her companion laughed; but she insisted that she was right, and refused to believe it, until the gentleman politely handed her both watches.

"There is one second of difference, Monsieur; I swear it!" she cried, with the greatest glee; "and I am right after all."

"You are rude, Denise," said her friend; "let me return these gentlemen their watches."

"He spoils me, Monsieur," she said to me, "and then reproaches me. Is he not cruel, then—a savage? Behold, therefore, how he glares!"

The glaring savage was at that moment engaged in drying his mustache after having taken a draught of *vin rouge*, and neither in action nor in manner did he seem very terrible.

After dinner, having some letters to write to England, I bade my new friends good-night and went up to my own room—not, however, until Mademoiselle Denise had been most particular in arranging for the following day an excursion to the Castle of Succinio and to Sarzean, the birth-place of the author of "Gil Blas." Considerably before midnight I was fast asleep beneath the soft, thick coverlet and large cushion which form the upper clothing of a Breton bed.

It could have been but a short time thereafter that I was awakened by a slight noise—so very slight, in fact, that it still remains a mystery to me how I should have heard it. When I opened my eyes I found the room pervaded by bright moonlight, which was streaming in through the casement, and drawing shadows of the bars on the carpet. I was about to close my eyes again, and address myself to sleep, when my attention was arrested by the evident movement of the door, which stood on the right of the bed. It was certainly no miracle that it should open—for I never bolt bedroom doors or shutters even when traveling—but that it should be opened at that time of night was certainly surprising.

Gradually I perceived the distance between the door and the wall increase; and judge of my astonishment when I distinctly observed a white figure appear—the figure of a woman that slowly entered, without seeming even to look at me. I need not pretend to say I was not frightened; the lonely hour, the stillness of the house, the moonlight falling through the window, combined to make this vision a horror which chilled the blood in my veins and made my heart beat audibly. But now, thoroughly awakened by the apparition, I shook aside the vague impressions produced on the mind when in a state of unconscious slumber; and as I sought with a severe scrutiny to fix my eyes upon the face of this woman I recognized, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the features of Mademoiselle Denise.

Judge of my astonishment when I made the discovery! And there could be no mistake about it. As she turned her face to the moonlight the clear definition of her outline was sufficient proof, had proof been required. There were the same finely-cut lips, the straight nose, the high but narrow forehead, even the dark gray eyes, which had grown familiar to me during our acquaintanceship of the previous dozen hours. She was dressed in white, as I said; but this loose outer garment seemed only to cover clothes of a darker hue—in fact, I should have thought her dressed as usual, with the addition of this loose white robe. Her feet, as was evident when she walked, were bare, and her long fair hair hung down behind until it almost reached her waist. Perhaps it was the striking resemblance she bore to the heroine of "La Sonnambula" that first suggested to me a solution of this seemingly inexplicable mystery; and as I further watched her movements, I was convinced of the correctness of my supposition. She was either an habitual somnambulist, or had been attacked by a sudden fit of sleep-walking. The more I became assured of this fact the greater became my desire to avert the awkwardness and unpleasantness of her being discovered in such a painful situation; but casting over the chances of the matter in my mind I came to the resolution of allowing her to do as she pleased, judging that she would in a few minutes return to her own room, and the whole affair remain unknown to every one but myself.

So far as I could observe her eyes were open; and on her first entrance into the room she had fixed them upon me with a cold, glassy stare, utterly devoid of recognition or intelligence. In the pale, dim moonlight this mechanical fixture of the eyes was exceedingly unpleasant; but I strove to look upon it simply as the result of a physical ailment. Slowly, noiselessly, she then stepped past the edge of my bed and approached the small dressing-table which stood at the window. Her back was thus turned toward me; and it was only at intervals that I could observe her motions. She seemed to be examining the various articles which were scattered about the table or hanging from the toilet mirror, and presently I heard her repeat, in a low, clear voice, some lines from the Prayer-book, which the good landlord had left in the room. She replaced the book on the table and continued her investigations among the other articles lying about. She took a long blue scarf, which I had hung over the mirror, and bending it round her head in the form of a turban, stood to contemplate in the glass the picture she represented. Any thing more singular than this spectacle could not be conceived. The moonlight lent a pallor to her face, which otherwise her healthy complexion would scarcely have presented; and this ghastly whiteness, coupled with the long white garment she wore, looked almost hideous as contrasted with the bold blue crown which she had assumed. Preparatory, however, to placing the turban on her head, I observed her withdraw from its folds a cameo pin, which I had negligently left therein, and, as I supposed, place it on the table.

Still retaining the novel head-dress she had so ingeniously constructed, she seemed to take an inventory of my jewelry, which was likewise placed in front of the mirror. My watch, which hung from one of the mahogany knobs at the side of the glass, she detached and held to her ear, with the manner of a child.

"Chick! chick!" I heard her murmur; "*mon Dieu, quelle vitesse!*"

I recognized in this exclamation the same artlessness which had characterized her conversation during the day, and was reminded of the school-boy who boasted to his playmate that "he had got such a splendid watch! such a magnificent watch! he would wager it would go faster than any watch, clock, or time-piece in the town!"

Mademoiselle Denise seemed in no hurry to depart, and my suspense was momentarily becoming greater. What the consequences might be of her suddenly awaking from this physical stupor I dared not imagine. I had heard of cases in which the somnambulist had been recalled to consciousness only to fall dead on the spot. And there were many reasons why this strange affair should not be known; to the lady herself the mortification consequent upon her being told of it, would, I knew, be inexpressible.

In a few minutes, however, I was greatly relieved by observing her unwind from her head my scarf, which she hung over the mirror in the same position she had found it. She seemed to bestow a little attention in arranging the objects on the table—probably prompted by that dim consciousness which haunts us sometimes even in dreams. She appeared to be desirous of leaving every thing in the order—or in the disorder—in which it had been on her entrance; and after having done this satisfactorily, she turned and walked to the door. As she passed I saw that her dull, glassy eyes were again fixed upon my face; yet still with the same vacant, expressionless stare. She opened the door, disappeared with noiseless steps, and I was left to my own reflections.

I can scarcely tell what prompted me to get up; but no sooner had she gone than I stepped out of bed, and went to the table which had so interested Mademoiselle Denise. Here I made a discovery which first startled me, and then amused me. My watch had disappeared, likewise my chain, cameo pin, sleeve-links, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, the gift of my mother. I was somewhat alarmed, but a moment's reflection showed me how unjust my first thought had been. Moved by some incomprehensible whim, the unconscious somnambulist had carried with her these trinkets, as a child lifts whatever gay bauble presents itself to its fingers; and I felt assured that when Mademoiselle Denise awoke in the morning and found herself possessed of such strange treasures, her surprise would only be equaled by her desire to restore them to the rightful owner. Probably, I thought, she is an habitual sleep-walker; and knowing her infirmity, will perceive at once how the jewelry came into her possession, upon which she will, of course, make instant inquiry to insure its restoration. Even in this strange circumstance there was revealed one of the principles which are supposed to govern these fits of aberration. Somnambulists generally are interested in dreamy excursions by those things which interest them in daytime; and reflecting on the peculiar interest which Mademoiselle Denise had taken in my watch when it was first shown to her, I could not wonder that she should make it the subject of her regard when a peculiar fatality had drawn her toward my room. I returned to bed and slept soundly through the night.

Next morning I rose at eight, dressed, went down stairs and had the customary bowl of *café au lait* served in the breakfast-room; but though I waited and read the newspaper for a considerable time, neither Mademoiselle nor her companion came into the room.

I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter at what hour they breakfasted.

"The *table-d'hôte*, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"At eleven o'clock, Monsieur."

"I shall return then."

"Thanks, Monsieur."

Feeling sure of meeting my two friends at breakfast, I resolved to spend the intervening time in exploring those portions of the town which I had not visited. The morning was very beautiful for the time of year (October), and though the cropped and regular rows of lime-trees in the central square had scarcely a leaf upon them, their more fortunate neighbors on the banks of the canal-like inlet which leads down to the Gulf of Morbihan were green and pleasant in the early sunshine. This was a portion of the place I had not previously seen; and the old gateway of the massive wall, the clustering barges, the groups of women selling vegetables, and sailors lounging about the quays, were eminently picturesque. Over the gateway, in a recess, is placed a large wooden saint, brightly painted, whose glaring white eyeballs and strongly-marked eyelashes produced a strange feeling of mingled amusement and horror. The artist who produced this work was, perhaps, influenced by the thought that those people who were not drawn to the saint by love would be moved by terror; although the rest of the holy man's countenance was exceedingly insipid and commonplace.

At the appointed hour I returned to the hotel, and walked into the long apartment where I expected to find the residents in the house sitting down to breakfast. But, in place of the calm propriety and graceful decorum of such a ceremony, I found the wildest commotion and confusion. There were a dozen people in the room, all talking at once; while loudest of all rose the voice of the landlord, who seemed beside himself with despair. No sooner did he observe my entrance than he sprang rather than came, and in an eager voice, which seemed paralyzed by reason of its very eagerness, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Monsieur!"

"Well, what is the matter?" said I.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he again cried, overcome by his emotion.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I am ruined, Monsieur; I am lost! I am thrown down, I am trampled upon, I am debased!"

I suggested to M. Dutoit that his explanation, so far from being explicit, was the reverse; and that I should have to apply to some of the other gentlemen for an explanation.

"Mais non, Monsieur—c'est moi, moi—voici le malheureux sujet qui parle!"

But during these few seconds I had caught a few of the sentences which were being rapidly interchanged by the others.

"She seemed so innocent, so *ingénue!*" said one.

"And I—I should never have spoken of it," said another, "but for M. Dutoit discovering the loss of his plate."

"How incomparably cunning!"

"How miraculously skillful!"

"And by this time they may be any where—they must have gone by the first train in the morning."

"Of whom do they speak?" said I to the landlord, with a sudden alarm.

"Of the gentleman, Monsieur, who came yesterday evening, and of Mademoiselle his friend. Ah, Monsieur, I am ruined—the honor of the hotel is gone. That any one should be robbed in my house!"

"Robbed—what do you mean?"

"Last night, Monsieur, Mademoiselle went into a gentleman's room—the hair loose, the eyes fixed, the face pale. She appears to sleep, Monsieur he remains still and will not kill her with affright; she takes his watch, Monsieur—the watch she demanded to see last night at table. He observes not this—he falls asleep—this morning he misses his watch, but speaks not. Ah well, Monsieur, he expects to meet her, but she comes not; we go to awake them; they are gone; their apartments are empty; they have fled, Monsieur!"

"Who is the gentleman who has thus been robbed?"

"I, Monsieur," replied one of their number, stepping forward with a slight smile which was very apparently forced.

"And I also," I said, endeavoring to look quite as unconcerned, "have the honor to be your fellow-sufferer."

"You, Monsieur!" cried they all, having never imagined that besides the unlucky traveler and the landlord there was still another victim.

"Mademoiselle also carries off my watch, chain, ring, and some other little matters! But what would you have? Mademoiselle is pleased, and we are too gallant to refuse her any enjoyment."

"Mon Dieu, what courage! This Englishman is, without doubt, French, thus to smile in misfortune.'

"The wisest thing possible," said another, with a shrug, "for Mademoiselle and her friend seem to have laid excellent plans, and by this time will be beyond all pursuit."

"With my plate," groaned the poor landlord, "and with the honor of my hotel! Monsieur, am I not a poor miserable?"

Certainly M. Dutoit looked sufficiently unhappy; nevertheless he at once prepared to rush to the Préfet, and this occupation relieved his mind. For myself, I resigned myself to fate and a French breakfast; judging that I should hear but little further from Mademoiselle Denise or her friend Louis. My judgment was correct; in spite of the utmost official vigilance, nothing more was heard of the charming creature who thus suffered from a painful habit which was even more awkward to others than to herself.

THE GHOST ON THE RIVER.

I HAVE just risen from a bed of sickness, and I take up my pen, as soon as I am able to hold it, to commit to writing the events of one afternoon, while they are still vividly impressed on my mind. Not that I think they will ever fade from my memory; but it is a relief to me to tell my story. I will tell it simply as it occurred to me, without comment; that I leave to those who may chance to read what I have written. And even if I tried, what comment could I make? What occurred is still to my mind unexplained—incapable of explanation. I have thought over it; I have caught eagerly at what I fondly hoped was a clew, but before I could follow it, it has broken and left me as lost as ever. I have tried to doubt the reality of my impressions, to persuade myself that I was the victim of some delusion. But as far as I can trust to my senses, what I saw, felt, and heard was real—real to me, though concealed by a mysterious influence from some of those around me, and to others only partially revealed.

"Chelsea, and all the piers up!" bawled the old man at the Temple Pier, as a steamer came up to the landing stage.

"At last!" exclaimed indignantly a voice near me, "I've been waiting for twenty minutes!"

"You can't expect always to be served first," said the old man, sarcastically; adding, as a vent for his feelings, "Temple Bar, Chelsea, and all the piers! Stand back, ladies, stand back; let the passengers land first, if you please!" he went on, as a lady in black passed him, and tried to get on board.

I was keeping close to this lady: she had walked down Essex Street before me, and had passed the little hut where the man who gives the tickets sits, without stopping.

"Take your ticket here, ma'am. Hi! hi!" called the man, thrusting himself half through the window of his box, and trying to attract the attention of the lady who had passed. But she walked quietly on, and seemed not to hear him.

"Pimlico," I said, putting twopence on the sill.

"Would you tell that lady in black to come back and take her ticket?"

I promised I would do so, and followed the lady to the landing-stage. I found her seated on the bench at the foot of the steps, her eyes fixed on the river, and her hands clasped. Her dress, a black merino, fitted her slight and singularly graceful figure to perfection. Her veil was up, and her face, which was rather pale, wore an expression of melancholy, which, in my eyes at least, did not detract from its exquisite beauty. I went up to her.

"I was asked to remind you," I said, "that you have neglected to take a ticket."

"You are mistaken," she said, somewhat coldly, "I have one."

"Then I must apologize for troubling you," I replied, bowing; "but it is not my mistake, and you, I hope, will absolve me from all intention of rudeness?"

She bowed stiffly and said, "Certainly, we will say no more about it."

Her eyes fell again on the river, as it swirled and foamed past the piles of the new embankment. I followed them. They were fixed on a piece of paper, which danced and tumbled on the muddy water. She stared after it till it was whirled out of sight. I remained still standing by her side; there was a strange fascination in her look and manner.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked, turning to me. I was surprised at her addressing me of her own accord, after the cold manner in which she had repelled my previous attempts at explanation. I told her it was five-and-twenty minutes past three.

"Then I have five minutes to wait. The Chelsea boat will reach this pier at half past three."

"You seem to be accurately informed," I said.

"Nine years ago," she said, in a weary voice, "the Chelsea boat passed this pier at that time."

"That's a long time to remember," I said, laughing.

She turned and laid her soft white hand upon my arm, as if to impress her words on me. "This very day, nine years ago, I left this pier by the boat which started at half past three."

"Nine years ago," I said, "you must have been a child."

She shook her head. "I was a woman, with a woman's thoughts, and more than a woman's troubles." Her cheeks were flushed, and her hands clenched tightly together. There was something very strange about her.

"Yes," she went on, excitedly, "we were together, I and he. He who was more than a husband to me—and less," she added in a low voice, glancing at her ungloved hand. There was no ring. She spoke more wildly now, and her voice was louder. "He had spoken words to me, such as I had never heard before, such as I could not bear. And I stood here under the bright heaven, with the merry earth all about me, and the golden river glistening in the afternoon sun, and one heart beating near me, which loved me more than all the world besides." She caught hold of my arm and clutched it. I had shrunk from her—the woman was mad. "I stood here," she continued, in a calmer tone, "and vowed a wicked vow: that I would shut myself out from the bright heaven and the merry earth, and would break the one heart which loved me more than all the world. I went and leaned on the bulwarks, and looked over into the river; he came and spoke to me, but my heart was hard, and I would not hear him. I shuddered as we passed under Westminster Bridge, for it felt cold and dark there like the grave. And, as we shot out again into the bright sunlight, I jumped on to the bulwarks, and plunged into the river. I heard his cry of agony as I fell, and he jumped in after me. I soon felt his strong arms round me, but I clung about his neck and dragged him down. Twice he struggled to escape, but I pressed him close and closer. I could not die alone. We sank the last time. The tide washed us up and down, but my arms were still about his neck, and my face was close to his. They found us days afterward by the Erith marshes, locked in each other's arms."

I shrank from her. Her fingers relaxed their hold, and she released my arm.

"Days," I murmured, "it could not be, you would have been drowned."

"We were drowned," she said, quietly. The woman was mad or I was dreaming. I looked round at the river, at the boats; I heard the thud of the hammers as they drove in the piles of the embankment; I bit my lips; I touched her dress to assure myself that I was awake. I looked at her, she was still sitting there; she had relapsed into her old position. The color had faded from her cheeks, her eyes were fixed upon the river, and her hands were clasped.

"Chelsea, and all the piers!" shouted the old man, and I turned to the boat. The lady in black was before me, and as I reached the deck of the steamer, and the clock on the Westminster tower boomed out the half-hour, she turned and looked at me. The boat was punctual to-day as it had been nine years before.

I followed her closely on board, impelled by a strange fascination I could not explain; which I struggled against, but was unable to overcome. The sun was shining brightly, and the river danced and sparkled in the afternoon light. There was the busy hum of life all around me. The splash of the paddles, the cries of the lightermen, the whistle of the engine as the train crossed over the new bridge at Hungerford—all the varied sights and noises of the river on a summer's day were present, to impress on me the reality of what was going on around me. But as I stood there on the deck of the steamer I felt as one who has turned back the pages of his life, and sees and hears once more sights and sounds he dimly remembers to have seen and heard long ago. I felt as when, a child, I caught sight suddenly of my own reflection in the glass; and at that sight the memory of what had been in times long past seemed just about to return to me, till the very effort of thinking shattered the image which was being formed, and left me grasping the fragments of a memory.

I looked toward the shore. The old man was standing with his eyes fixed on his companion, and an expression almost of terror on his face.

"She's on board," he whispered, hoarsely, to one of the crew, who was standing by the paddle-box, as he stooped and unhitched the rope from a hook on the landing-stage.

The man did not answer, but looked rapidly round the boat. At last his eye fell on my companion, and remained fixed on her with an earnest gaze, which showed she was the object of his search.

Once more I think over what I then saw, to try if a shade of doubt lurks in my mind as to the reality of what took place. No, I heard the words the old man uttered as distinctly as I now hear the scratching of my pen upon the paper. Nor did I merely passively receive their sense, I acted on them. I stepped toward the paddle-box to question him, but before I had time to reach it the boat forged ahead and we were off. For a few moments, as the fresh breeze first cooled my temples, I seemed to shake off the spell which bound me to her who had confided to me that strange story. I walked forward—I struggled to get as far from her as I could. But then the thought of her delusion, of what she might attempt were there no one there to prevent her, came upon me with redoubled force. It was my duty to protect her, to see that she did not attempt to act in earnest the story she had told me.

I found her seated on one of the centre benches in her old position, looking dreamily at the river, never moving, never speaking. I stood near her. There were few passengers on board, and of them none seemed to notice the beautiful girl who was quietly sitting apart, apparently absorbed in thought. She walked to the side. I followed; I could not, I must not leave her. She leaned on the bulwarks, and watched the water foaming from the paddle-wheel.

She looked up into my face and spoke quickly, "Would you try to save me if I fell into the river?"

"I can not swim," I said, evading the question. I felt more convinced than ever that her mind was wandering; I must keep close to her. I could, at all events, prevent her jumping overboard; though if she once succeeded in that I could be of no use. As I leaned there by her side looking down upon the water it suddenly occurred to me that some of the crew of the steamer must know her. The words spoken by the old man at the Temple Pier evidently referred to my companion, and the man to whom he had spoken had asked no explanation of them. I had now a chance of leaving her without her incurring much danger, for she was seated again in the old place and the old position absorbed in thought. I walked to the stern and spoke to the man who was steering.

"Do you know that lady in black?" I asked, pointing to the place where she was sitting. He looked at me rather strangely, I thought, but said nothing. I repeated my question.

"That lady in black with the red shawl?" he said; "no, I don't."

"No, no; the lady in black next to her, all in black."

He looked again, and then answered sharply, "There ain't no lady in black there at all. Mustn't speak to me, Sir, it's against the rules."

I had followed his eyes. He had looked straight to the place where she was sitting, but he had not seen her. Once again the veil seemed lifted from the past, and I saw what had happened long ago. The vision flashed across my brain and was gone; but so quickly that I could not retain it, and even the memory of what it was perished with it.

I was turning to find another of the crew, when I saw that the lady had left the seat where she had been sitting, and was again leaning over the bulwarks. It would not be safe, I felt, to leave her there alone, so I gave up my project for the present and joined her.

We were steaming close by the scaffolding of the new embankment, a strong tide was running out, and the yellow river foamed and splashed round the piles. My companion smiled as she watched it, a happy, childish smile. The boat stopped at Westminster; she never moved, and I dared not leave her; she clung to the bulwarks, and gazed more earnestly than ever at the water. "You had better sit down," I said, wishing to get her away from the side.

"No, the time will soon come now."

"Do you get out at Lambeth?"

"Before."

"There is no pier between this and Lambeth."

She smiled, a strange sweet smile. Her mind was running on that delusion of hers, that fantastic story of her suicide nine years ago. We were nearing the place where she said it had taken place; I must watch her closely. When we got to Lambeth I would appeal to the crew, to the passengers, would have her removed from the boat, and restored to the keeping from which she must have escaped.

The boat started; slowly it forged ahead under Westminster Bridge, and as the sunlight was shut out, and the dark, cold arch stretched over us, I thought of her simile. It was like the grave, and I shuddered. I saw her shudder too.

I tried to speak to her, but I could not; I went close to her, I almost held her. The boat shot out again into the sunlight: this was the time she had spoken of. I tried to grasp her dress, but my hand refused to move; I could not speak; I could not stir. With one bound she was on the bulwarks, and had plunged headlong into the river. I did not pause for one moment; without a thought I yielded to the irresistible impulse which seemed to force me to follow her. I dashed into the water after her—I sank—the water hissed and bubbled in my ears. I stretched out my hands vaguely, for I could not swim; they touched something; it was her dress. I drew her toward me. I felt her arms twine round me, and press me tight and tighter as we sank. Then for the first time the thought occurred to me of risk to myself. I should be drowned. I struggled to escape, but she held me firmly; I tried to push her from me, but she pressed me close and closer. I was being suffocated, her arms strangled me, and her weight dragged me down. We were still sinking; my strength was failing me, and I struggled more feebly. A rush of roaring, hissing water, a sense of utter darkness, and I remember no more.

* * * * * *

I was in bed when I awoke again to consciousness; I felt weak and faint; I lay still with hardly the power of thought. Gradually the whole of what had taken place on that afternoon came back to me, clearly and distinctly as I remember it now.

"Is she saved?" I murmured, more as an echo to my own thoughts than as a question; for I did not know that there was any one in the room.

"Hush!" said a kind voice by my bedside, and a grave middle-aged man took my hand. He felt my pulse: "Hush!" he said, "the fever has left you, you must not speak."

"Is she saved?" I asked again, "I must know."

He shook his head, but did not answer; he turned to a woman who was sitting in the window: "The fever is gone," he whispered, "but he is wandering still; you must take great care of him."

"I am not wandering," I said, impatiently; "I only ask if the woman I jumped in after was saved?"

"She was not," said the doctor: "now keep quiet, every thing depends on that." But as he looked to the nurse I saw him shrug his shoulders. I was not satisfied. As I got gradually stronger I tried to question the nurse as to the fate of the unfortunate woman, but I could get no information from her. She seemed almost frightened when I mentioned the subject; so I gave up asking her any questions, being determined that when I could get about I would make inquiries for myself.

Many times, while I lay on my sofa still weak from the effects of my illness, did I recall the incidents of that afternoon. Many times did the face of that poor girl return, haunting me with its exquisite beauty. I have tried to think how it was, that, knowing my own helplessness in the water, without one moment's hesitation I plunged in after her. The impulse on which I acted was sudden and irresistible; an impulse the effect of a cause unknown to me, and which in all probability I shall never know.

I was now nearly well, and was sitting up turning lazily over some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. I was tired of the pictures, and was glancing through some short paragraphs of gossip, when the following lines caught my eye:

> "DEATH ON THE RIVER.—A few days ago two bodies, one of a lady and the other of a gentleman, were picked up by some lightermen off the Erith marshes. It appears that the deceased got on board a Chelsea steamboat on the 1st of this month. Soon after the boat had passed under Westminster Bridge the lady jumped overboard, and the gentleman immediately followed her. Neither of them ever rose again. Advertisements have been inserted in several papers, as the deceased were evidently in a respectable position of life, but the bodies have not yet been claimed. The lady was dressed altogether in black, and was of singular beauty."

I read it over again. I looked at the date of the paper. It was the very month nine years ago. It was the very day, the 1st of the month. What strange fate was it that had thus thrown in my way a confirmation of that story which I had persuaded myself originated only in the brain of a madwoman? Again I questioned the reality of what had happened; again I tried to think I had been the victim of some delusion. No; to me at least the events of that afternoon were real; my memory reproduced them all with minute particularity. How I had been saved, my kind doctor had told me; of the risk I had incurred there could be no doubt.

The first time I was able to leave my room I hastened to make inquiries. I may say at once I met with no success. I questioned the crew of the steamer, and what passengers I could find, but to no purpose. They shook their heads; no lady had been seen to jump overboard. The old man at the Temple Pier was hardly more communicative; he had observed no lady particularly on that day; he did remember a lady jumping overboard, and a gentleman jumping in after her; he was then one of the crew of the steamer: it was a Chelsea boat. The gentleman and lady were both drowned, and their bodies were washed ashore, he believed, on the Erith marshes; but more than this he could not, or would not say. And with this I am obliged to rest satisfied.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE shortest address to the month that we ever heard was that of a commanding officer, a man of few words, but he only used one, and that was "March!"

At this time a peck of dust is said to be worth a king's ransom. The monarch referred to was probably *Dust* Mohammed.

The friends of Mr. Jeremy Diddler would do well to remember that this, above all others, is the month for raising the wind.

What flower is most like a shepherd's dog?—The *collie*-flower.

SAWS BY OUR OWN SAWYER.

All have their several tasks in life,
 Let each his own pursue;
Don't touch the tiller of *my* boat;
 Paddle your own canoe.

That bird that flies from nest to nest
 Its addled eggs must rue;
My life-boat leave for me to guide;
 Paddle your own canoe.

That huntsman both his hares will lose
 Who seeks to follow two;
No captain in two ships can ride;
 Paddle your own canoe.

For your *own* pottage save your breath;
 Who'd scald his lips for you?
Your spoke but stops my chariot-wheel;
 Paddle your own canoe.

Foot-sore that traveler must go
 Who wears a neighbor's shoe;
Your oar can never pair with mine
 Paddle your own canoe.

Mr. Quibble, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a clergyman of the Church of England can legally marry himself," observed that that might be very well as a measure of economy, but that even in the hardest times he should prefer to marry a woman.

A poor Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. "A man is going to be buried." "Oh," he replied, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

EPITAPH ON A WATER-DRINKER.

Here lies Ned Rand, who on a sudden
Left off roast beef for hasty pudding;
Forsook old stingo, mild and stale,
And every drink for Adam's ale;
Till flesh and blood, reduced to batter,
Consisting of mere flour and water,
Which, wanting salt to keep out must,
And heat to bake it to a crust,
Moulder'd and crumbled into dust.

A Western soldier, who had been through all the campaigns and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home, that "he never realized the horrors of war till he got home to Indiana and found his gal married to a stay-at-home dry-goods clerk."

When was beef-steak the highest?—When the cow jumped over the moon.

"Your purse, Tom," said an indulgent father to his spendthrift son, "reminds me of a thunder-cloud." "How so, father?" "Because it is always light'ning."

Connecticut has long been notorious for the facility with which it permits the marriage tie to be dissolved, and it gave occasion some years ago to a *jeu d'esprit* by an Episcopal clergyman of Hartford, which was privately circulated among his friends. He had opened the House of Representatives with a prayer, and found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following

IMPROMPTU.

For CUT-ting all CONNECT-ions famed,
CONNECT-I-CUT is fairly named!
I twain CONNECT in one, but you
CUT those whom I CONNECT in two;
Each legislature seems to say,
What you CONNECT-I-CUT away.

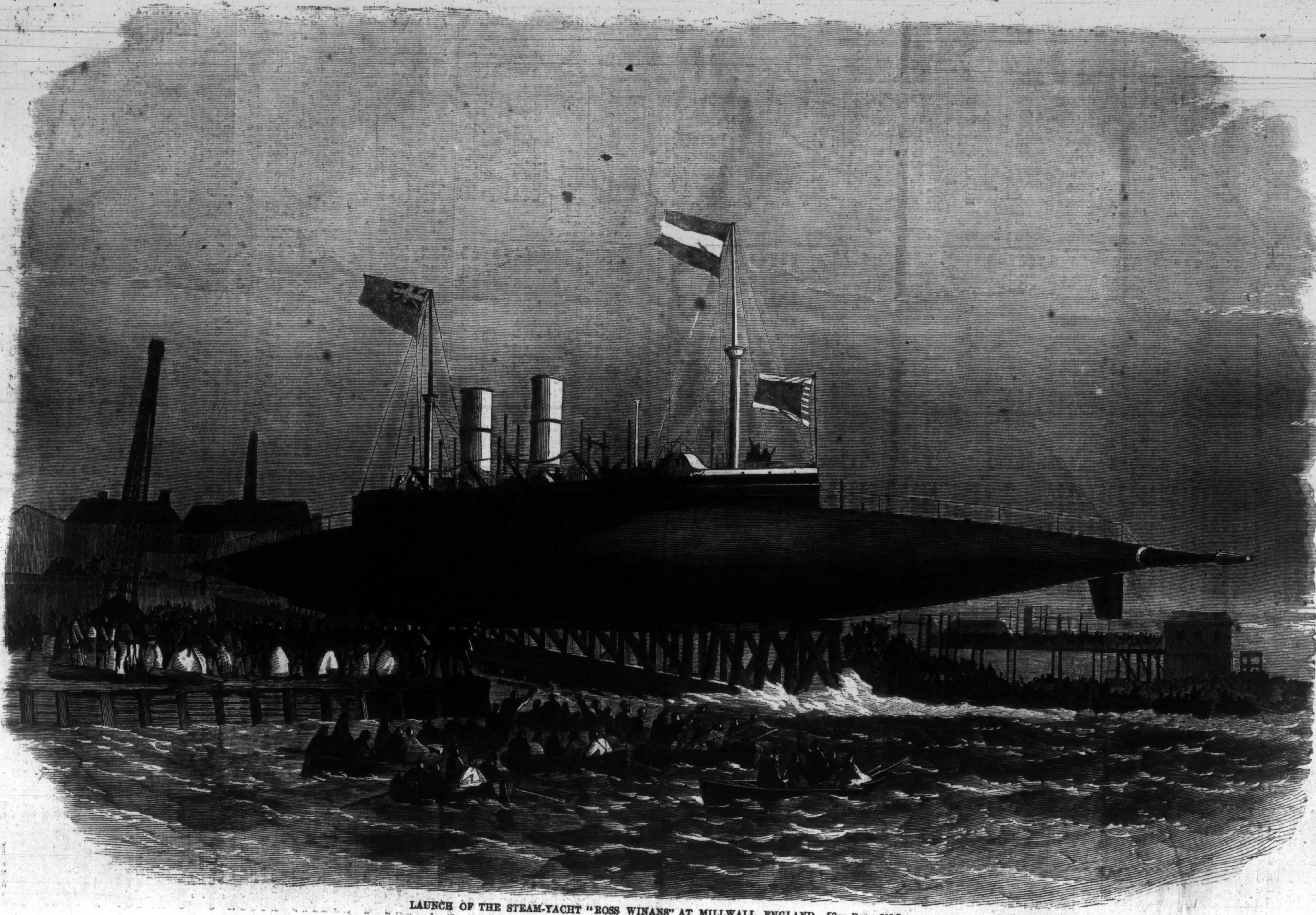
Little Bob begged hard the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter. At last I heard the poor little fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully. "What is the matter, Bob?" I said. "What are you crying about?" "Why, pa," he replied, "here I am, asking for nothing, and getting it!"

THE THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON IN MINING—Mine, miner, *minus*.

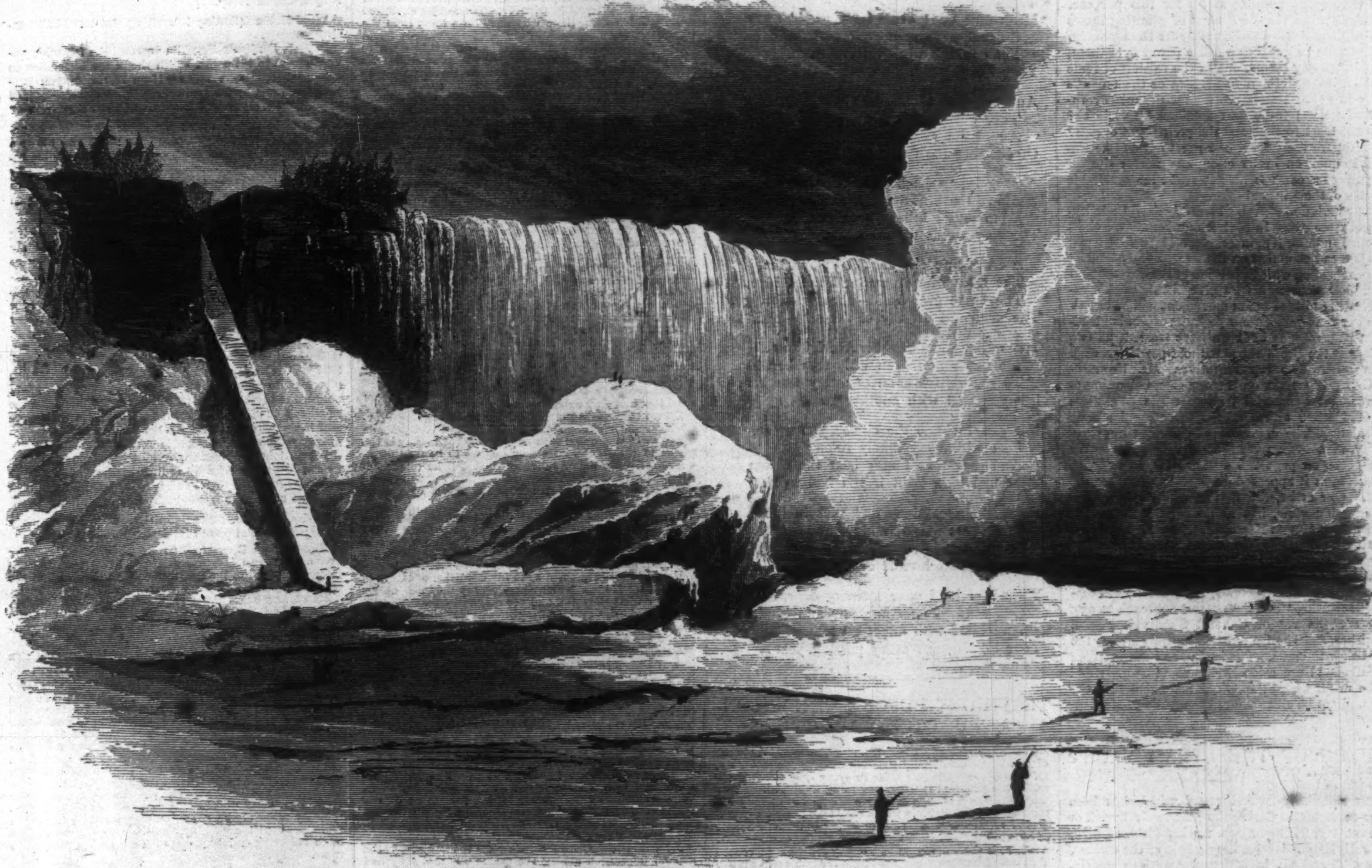
The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies when they wish to avoid any thing like *waist*.

One of the readiest ways of contracting loose habits is to put a belt around your dressing-gown.

As the quickest way to make a fortune a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothes.



LAUNCH OF THE STEAM-YACHT "ROSS WINANS" AT MILLWALL, ENGLAND.—[See Page 205.]

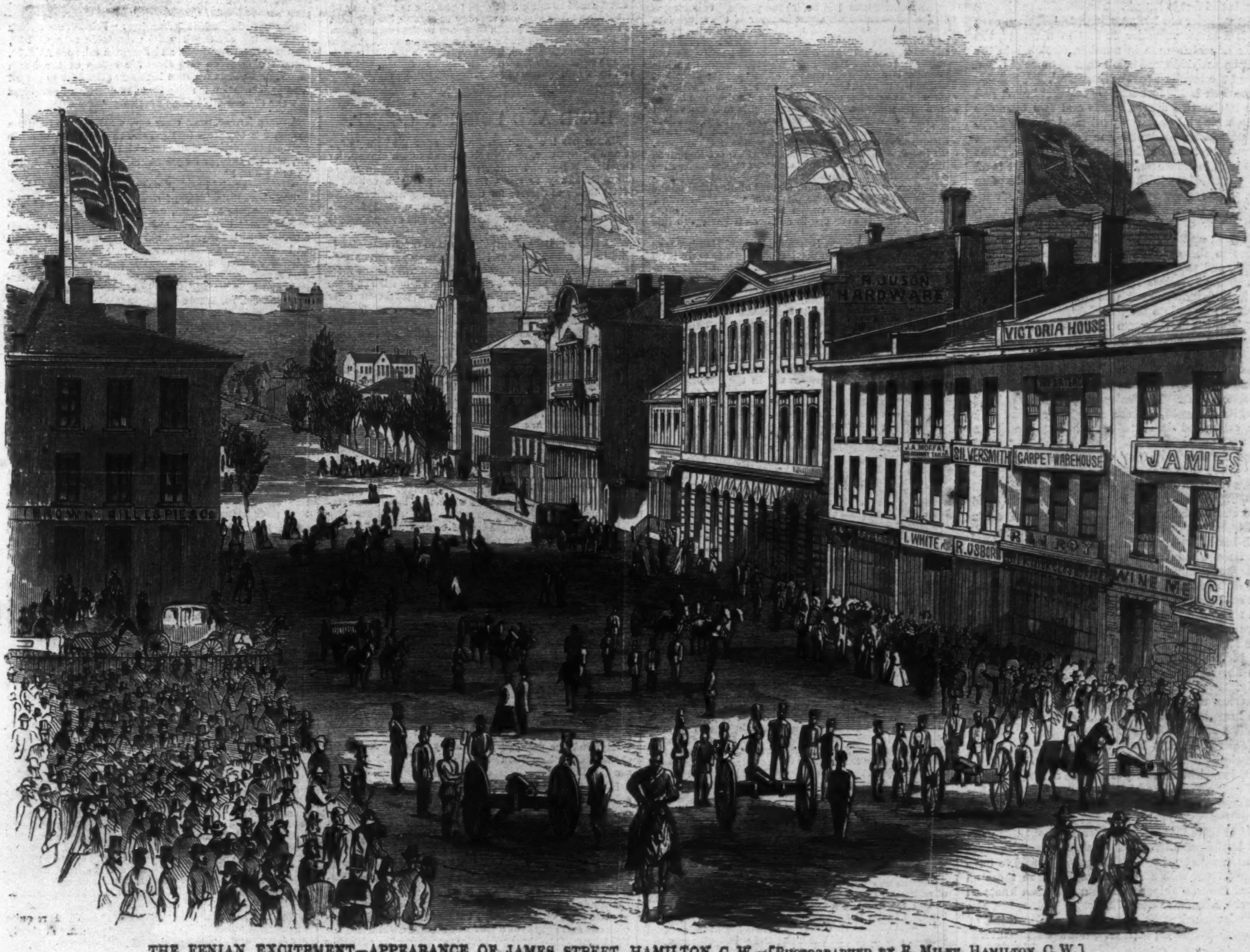


THE ICE BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA—SWEENY'S SKIRMISHERS (DUCK-HUNTERS) ON THE ICE.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

IRELAND AND THE FENIAN LEADERS.

IRELAND has gained little by previous revolutions which have been undertaken under far better auspices and certainly have been occasioned by far greater provocation than that which is now threatened. No conspiracy can be concocted offering relatively greater prospects of success than those preceding the insurrections of 1641 and 1798; yet both fastened the yoke of the conqueror upon the conquered more completely than ever. At this time not only is the Church opposed to the revolution, but there are in Ireland alone friends enough of the English interest to more than hold in check the advocates of Irish independence. The best class of Irishmen are not Fenians.

Ireland is sadly misgoverned, but her condition is certainly better than it has been at any previous period. It is true that Irish landlords spend little



THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT—APPEARANCE OF JAMES STREET, HAMILTON, C. W.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MILNE, HAMILTON, C. W.]

on the improvement of their property; but before 1847 they spent nothing at all for this purpose. The abolition of the old system of granting leases has doubtless worked unfavorably for the tenantry, as the landlords get thus a fuller power over them, being in no way scrupulous in the raising of rents according to their own necessities or the tenant's ability to pay. But is redress for the misgovernment of Ireland to be best obtained by violence? Why not trust to time and the progress of events? It is comparatively easy for a great nation like England to quell an insurrection, but neither she nor any power on earth is able to resist the inevitable progress of thought and liberty.

The population of Ireland steadily declines in numerical strength. In 1841 it numbered over eight millions, and now it numbers scarcely more than six. This is a sad comment on the wrongs of Ireland!

In connection with the events of the day the several illustrations which we give in this week's paper relating to the Fenian movement will be of value to our readers. In our portraits of Fenian leaders on pages 200 and 201 we have treated the two sections of the Brotherhood without partiality, each having there two representatives, Mr. Roberts and General Sweeny on the one side, belonging to the recreant Senatorial faction, while Stephens and O'Mahony represent the more regular body of Fenians. The excitement in Canada in apprehension of a Fenian invasion is very great. We have given on page 205 a view of James Street, Hamilton, as it appeared during the recent excitement. Our artist, Mr. Davis, who sends us this photographic view, has also sketched for us the Ice Bridge across Niagara. The view presented is that seen from the American side near the ferry staircase. The large masses covered with ice near the staircase are huge rocks. These are much used by duck-shooters, who, our artist facetiously remarks, "are the nearest approach to any thing seen as yet of General Sweeny's Fenian skirmishers." The ice extends entirely across the river below the falls. The ice in the river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge could be measured by the million cords, and it is estimated that the river will not be clear before the middle of May.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAM YACHT "ROSS WINANS."

The singularly-formed vessel which has been under construction during the past twelvemonth or more at Mr. Hepworth's works, Cubitt Town, Millwall, England, from the designs of the owners, Messrs. T. and W. L. Winans, American gentlemen residing in London, who have obtained a patent for this principle of ship-building, was successfully launched on February 19.

This strange-looking vessel, which has been popularly called "the cigar-ship," is made somewhat in the shape of a cigar, or, to speak more accurately, of a tapering cylinder, each side being an arc of a circle, the chord of which, forming the screw-shaft, is 256 feet in length. The breadth and height of this cylinder are 16 feet, and at 18 feet from each end is a screw propeller 22 feet in diameter, the blades of which, nine in number, stretch into the water on each side, and below to a distance of 6 feet beyond the broadest part of the vessel.

The deck is 130 feet long by 10¼ feet broad, and from it rise two short funnels and two telescope masts, which latter are only intended to carry flags. The part below the water-line is built of the best Lowmoor and Staffordshire iron plates, five eighths of an inch in thickness, while the upper part is of steel plates, of the thickness of five sixteenths of an inch. The engines are upright-cylinder high-pressure condensing engines, calculated to be of an ultimate power of 2000 horse, and it is intended to work them up to from 1500 to 1800. There are four boilers to these, which are similar to locomotive boilers, and supply superheated steam, having an arrangement of pipes round which the flame from the furnace may be sent when desired, instead of passing directly into the funnel.

Behind the engine-room is the saloon, somewhat resembling in shape a railway tunnel, 25 feet in length, the entrances being at the after end, at each side of a table which extends the whole length of the cabin, and rests upon the casing that surrounds the screw shaft. This saloon is tastefully painted in white and gold, and the seats are covered with blue variegated damask. Two lustres hang from the roof under the skylight, and a pair of fixed lamps are also placed at each side at the further extremity. At each side of the saloon, and also astern of it, are small state-rooms, handsomely and tastefully fitted up with berths and closets, and decorated in the same style. Astern of the saloon and bedrooms is the sleeping-place for the crew, with berths on each side, and in the centre is the windlass, which may be described as a long crank, to be worked by the hands of the men.

Previous to launching the ship lay on the ways, not as ships generally lie, sloping downward toward the river, but the framing was so constructed as to have her water-line level. At four o'clock the tide was found to serve—the last blow was struck—Mrs. W. L. Winans performed the act of christening her the *Ross Winans*—and the launch went off beautifully, the vessel carrying the flags of England, America, and Russia; hoisting also the ensign of the Imperial Yacht Club of St. Petersburg, to which she is destined to belong.

Messrs. Winans have already constructed and launched three vessels built on this principle. The first, launched several years since at Baltimore, is 230 feet in length and 16 feet in breadth. She has but one propeller, of the same size as those of the *Ross Winans*, and this is in the centre of the ship. It is obvious that with this arrangement there can not be the same strength and stability as with those of the new vessel. This first ship is said to have been driven, with a smaller engine than those on board the new ship, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. A smaller boat, 70 feet by 8 feet, has also been launched at St. Petersburg; and a third, of similar dimensions, at Havre, a few weeks since.

PARTED.

Mine own one! years have pass'd away
  Since I have seen your thoughtful face,
  Yet could I every feature trace,
Your image haunts me night and day.

And common things doth meaning wear
  They never had before we met,
  And I am wearied with the fret
Of guessing the sad hints they bear.

A song brings back what time we walk'd
  Above the brown cliff's sloping lawn,
  From music I have even drawn
The very words we used in talk.

The crumbling church, the upland lea,
  The river wimpling round the bridge,
  The brave gray wold—the far off ridge,
The mournful dirging of the sea—

Too well remembered! Ah, I know
  We never more can walk together,
  To share life's calm or angry weather;
But you will with another go.

Nor can I blame the choice you made,
  I sit within my lonely room
  And pray that I may bear the gloom
That had been light if you had staid.

Farewell, sweet Margaret! thus in life
  Those part who should go hand in hand;
  Our fairest hopes are built on sand,
And fate with love is ever rife!

Yet will I hold your memory dear,
  God send you fortune fair and kind,
  And bless with sweet content of mind
Your lot through every passing year!

TESTIMONY BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

Whenever a subject comes under the especial charge of politicians it suddenly goes under a veil of obscurity. Of course there are two sides to every question debated under the sun, and it is not any thing wonderful that we find two classes of men equally patriotic but directly antagonistic in the attitude which they take toward the subject of reconstruction. It is to be presumed as a matter of course that there is somewhat of prejudice on both sides, as where is there not in the case of any political difference? This is sufficiently apparent in the deliverances of the press. Among our daily publications the *Times*, *Herald*, *Evening Post*, *World*, and *Daily News* take one side, and the *Tribune* the other. As to the motives of either journal in its advocacy of or in its opposition to the President's policy we have nothing to say; neither can we in any case pronounce upon the sincerity of the political adherents to either system of reconstruction. The fact, however, stares us in the face that there is an endeavor on either side to make every report of the condition of affairs at the South tally with the settled conviction which is on that side entertained. Thus we have two sets of correspondence from the Southern States laid before the people. One strains every effort to make out a case in favor of the immediate representation of these States in Congress, smoothing over every difficulty, explaining away the violence of Southern extremists, and giving the most hopeful phase that can possibly be taken of the condition of the freedmen; while the other is equally strenuous in the opposite direction, making the most of every individual instance of violence, and representing the condition of the freedmen as bad as it could possibly be. On the one side there is an evident contempt of dangers which are really worthy of cautious consideration, and on the other an assumption of extreme alarm which the facts, as they exist, will scarcely support.

In this state of affairs the evidence which is being given before the special Committee of Congress on Reconstruction—although it partakes in some measure of the special pleading in favor of one or the other method of disposing of the great question before the people—is of very great value. We present before our readers an abstract of the points developed in this evidence in so far as it has up to this time been published.

In regard to Tennessee, Brigadier-General Hatcher says that except in the eastern portion of the State there is no good feeling toward the Government. From East Tennessee alone could the troops be withdrawn with safety. General Thomas, commanding Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, testifies that he has studied the condition of Tennessee carefully, and it is his opinion that if protected and encouraged by a small Union force the loyal sentiment would gain complete ascendency in a year or two. He does not think it would be safe at this time to remove the troops or withdraw martial law or restore the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Union men in West Tennessee are in the minority, but the Union sentiment is gradually approaching a good loyal standard, and he thinks this feeling will go on improving. He says that if the Tennessee delegation shall be admitted into Congress it will be a precedent for all the Southern States. They can see at once the reasons why the Tennessee members are admitted, and that if they expect their members to be admitted they must do as she has done. There is no doubt but what there is a universal disposition among the rebels in the South to embarrass the Government in its administration if they can, so as to gain as many advantages for themselves as possible. General Fisk testifies that he has half a million of freedmen under his charge. The great mass of them are in good condition and improve, but they need the protection of the Government as much on account of the opposition manifested against them as in justice to the negro. Those who evince their hostility to these persons say that they should be entirely driven from the State, and oppose the education of the negro and his justice before the law. All the freedmen in Tennessee who are able-bodied procure employment. The military should not be withdrawn, nor martial law removed, nor writ of *habeas corpus* be at present restored. As to loyalty, the majority of the people in Tennessee are opposed to the Government. If every man should vote as he pleased this fact would be manifested. Colonel William Spence testifies that the poorer classes in Tennessee were loyal if proper efforts were made to protect them; he thinks the disloyal sentiment is much greater in West than in Middle Tennessee, and that the admission of Senators and Representatives from Tennessee would have a good effect, as this would set the whole machinery in motion, and the people would become better satisfied. Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard testifies he does not think many of the citizens of Tennessee are favorable to the Government; but he thinks that the admission of Representatives from that State would have a beneficial effect.

General B. H. Grierson testifies in reference to Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. Persons with whom he had conversed did not appear to think they had done any thing wrong. Their only regret seemed to be that they had not the means to carry out their designs. The feeling of the majority was one of hostility to the Government. In comparison with Alabama and Mississippi the difference was much in favor of Tennessee. The spirit of resistance to the Government was as strong as ever, and in the event of a foreign war the people would seize the opportunity to turn against the Government.

General Charles H. Howard testified that, in his official capacity, he visited all the cities and principal towns and every county in South Carolina. He thinks the feeling of a majority of the people of South Carolina is not kind, and can hardly be called friendly. The feeling exhibited toward Union men, those who have been loyal from the beginning, was unmistakably bitter. If the military forces were withdrawn from South Carolina it would be a source of great injury to the freedmen throughout the State. No Northern resident could then remain there, unless he courted the favor of the influential. The condition of Georgia and Florida was much the same as that of South Carolina, and there was hostility against Union men and late immigrants from the North. There are some Union men in Georgia and Florida who have been always so, but the prevailing sentiment, which is bound to control, is similar to that in South Carolina.

Charles H. Lewis, Esq., Secretary of the Commonwealth, under Governor Pierpont, said his decided impression in regard to affairs in Virginia is that the masses of the people, and by that term he did not mean only the laboring-classes, but all those persons who are not politicians, were very favorably disposed toward the Government at the time of Lee's surrender. He believed that very decided efforts have been made by the politicians to change that feeling since that time, and he was afraid they had a great deal of success. He believed a majority of the people of Virginia would still be loyal if it were not for publishers of the papers and the politicians, who, to a certain extent, control public opinion.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dexter H. Clapp, on duty for the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, testifies that he has knowledge of twenty counties. The Secessionists had no inclination to oppose the Government by open war any further, but he thinks they have no more love for the Government now than they had at any time during the rebellion, and only submit to it as a necessity.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter Brooke, Acting Provost Marshal-General in the Department of Alabama, on being asked a question with reference to the loyalty of the people of that State, says they seemed to be fretting as a general thing under military rule; but he thinks entirely without cause. The result of this was, one heard a great deal of disloyalty. He did not know of a loyal newspaper in that State.

Major S. R. Harrington testified that he was three years in Arkansas during the war, and had been there since; the people seemed willing to accept the results of the contest; the large majority of them are glad that peace has returned, and do not regret the fall of the Confederacy.

Ezra Hierstadt testified as to the condition of affairs in Louisiana. He heard many persons say they had no regrets for what they did, and are only sorry that they did not succeed. He could not say such is the general feeling among those lately in hostility against the Government, but he was certain it was the feeling of many who held prominent positions. He was also certain there was a deep feeling among certain classes of persons against the payment of the national debt as well as against the revenue laws of the Government.

Major-General Daniel T. Stanly testifies that he served in Texas before and after the breaking up of the rebel army. He found matters unsettled. The negroes had learned the disposition which was to be made of them by the Government; that is, they were free. In the immediate vicinity of the troops there was no effort on the part of masters to restrain them, but at points somewhat remote—and that is a country of long distances—at points 40 or 50 miles away from the troops, the former owners tried to constrain the negroes to remain on the plantations. They threatened them, and sometimes used violence—killing them in some instances.

John W. Ricks, Collector of Customs in Florida, says the general impression among the people was that they had been overcome but not conquered. There has been no material change for the better in any portion of the State lately in rebellion.

Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, who visited the South in June and July, testified that with regard to the temper and spirit of the people the politicians who remained at home, and particularly the female portion of the community, indulged a very bitter feeling toward the United States Government, much more hostile than soldiers of the surrendered rebel armies. If the rebel element was allowed to vote in the South at that time, every member returned to Congress would be hostile to the policy of the Federal Government, not only as regards the payment of the National debt but in reference to the emancipation of the negroes; and while they expressed a willingness to submit to emancipation, they coupled with it a determination to regulate their own affairs with freedmen, and control their own system of labor.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

March has brought us a forerunner of the balmy days of coming summer, making cloaks and furs a burden, for the time being, and sending our fair citizens *en masse* down Broadway to select from the profusion exhibited pretty hats and dresses for their summer wardrobe. No one need go away from our large shops unsatisfied, however fastidious her taste. Every style and every shade is to be found.

Yet it is a matter of surprise when so much attention is paid to the art of dress, and so much money spent on costly materials, that ladies so often choose what is the *most* fashionable in style or color rather than what is the most becoming. For example, the fact of a particular color being almost universally worn by persons of every complexion, simply because it is fashionable, seems most inexplicable when we consider what an influence colors exercise upon one another, and how they mutually enhance, neutralize, or destroy each other's effects.

The reason of this mistake seems to be that so few people give themselves the trouble to understand and apply the rules of color. From the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, every other color is formed; and each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting or complementary color. The complementary of each simple color is formed from the union of the other two; and when they are placed together the effect is intensified. Green causes red to appear redder, blue adds a brighter tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color of violet. In other words, every color looks its purest and best when it is beside its complementary.

By means of this simple law of contrast, therefore, we have the power of imparting any tint we choose to the complexion, and of rendering our costume agreeable to the eye by the harmony produced by properly contrasted colors; and we may learn to avoid increasing the undesirable tints of a sallow complexion by the juxtaposition of blue or violet, or rendering a florid complexion still more high-colored by contrasting it with green. On the other hand, ladies with golden hair and clear complexions will see that they should wear blue in preference to any other color, harmonizing agreeably as it does with the former, without exercising any ill effect on the latter; while those upon whom nature has bestowed dark hair and a rosy complexion should consider green as their especial color.

When two shades of the same color, one being very light and the other very dark, are placed beside each other, the light shade appears lighter than when it is viewed separately, and the dark, proportionately darker. A similar change takes place when distant shades of different colors are used.

It will be seen from this that a very dark shade of red subdues a high-colored complexion by lowering its tone, or causing it to appear lighter than it really is; and a very dark green has the same effect, with the additional advantage of purifying and adding brilliancy to the natural tints by the contrast of color.

On the same principle neutral tints are unbecoming to persons of fair complexion—a light brown or gray presenting no contrast to the hair or eyes.

Very dark people may wear extremely light brown, gray, or slate color with impunity; but those who have fair complexions and light brown hair will find pure white and the light tones of the three primaries more becoming; bearing in mind that, wherever there is agreeable contrast, there is agreeable harmony.

We find the following interesting statement in an exchange:

In 1725, Benjamin Franklin inserted the following advertisement in his paper, which shows the estimation in which "hoops" were held: "Hoop Petticoats, just published and sold by the printer, arraigned and condemned by the light of nature and law of God. Price three-pence."

It is to be supposed that the above advertisement refers to a literary production of some kind, and not to a new supply of that much-abused article of feminine attire, offered for sale—though the phraseology is certainly ambiguous! However, the price decides the matter. Even at *very* "old prices" a crinoline could never have been purchased for "three-pence!"

Gentlemen do not receive half the abuse for adopting absurd fashions that ladies do. Yet they are certainly deserving—as a *class*, not as *individuals*, oh no, by no means!—of some ridicule for *past* if not for present follies.

When the enormous white cravat was in full vogue "Beau Brummell," sitting one day between two other gentlemen at table, said to his servant: "John!" "Yes, Sir." "Who is this at my right?" "If you please, Sir, it is the Marquis of Headfort." "And who is at my left?" "It is my Lord Yarmouth." Brummell then proceeded to address his noble neighbors, but he would not turn to them for a moment lest he should disturb the smallest fold of his high cravat. How those same huge stiff neckcloths, that held the head as in a vice, were admired by the whole fashionable world of that time!

When tight pantaloons were all the fashion the Prince Regent—"our fat friend," as Brummell called him—was actually lifted into them, and it took him half an hour at least to force his limbs into their cloth prison-houses.

Ladies, in some sections of the country, are certainly giving substantial proof of the "progress of the age."

Miss Olympia Brown is the regularly ordained minister over a church in Weymouth, Massachusetts. The judiciary committee of the Legislature have decided that she can lawfully unite couples in marriage.

Miss Maria Baldwin, a graduate of Baldwin University, at Berea, Ohio, has filled the chair of the Greek and Latin languages in Baker University, Kansas, for the past year. She is only twenty-one years old.

Perhaps the "progress" is just as real in more Southern sections, though it bears a somewhat different aspect.

General Fisk, of the Freedmen's Bureau, tells this story of an elegantly-dressed Tennessee lady who called on him for assistance in recovering her estates. He found she could neither read nor write, and desiring to punish her for her unlimited abuse of the Government, referred her to his negro clerk who could read and write for her the documents it was necessary she should sign. "Can that nigger write?" she exclaimed, and went to his desk with reluctance. The negro treated her politely, and when he handed her the papers for her signature, she could only "make her mark." The lady could not but notice her inferiority to the clerk; she wept, apologized for her harsh remarks about the "nigger," and went away with ideas more becoming a reconstructed woman than when she came.

Although it is undoubtedly true that burglaries and other midnight crimes are more frequent now than in olden times, there is also a somewhat proportionate increase in the faithfulness of the night officials of the present time. In some ancient records of Boston, under date of August, 1789, it is remarked, "It is high time the watchmen were overhauled. They have been asleep since New Year's. The captains are generally men in their prime, aged from 90 to 100 years, and the crew only average about four-score, and so we have the advantage of their age and experience—*at least the robbers do.*" The report of the Inspector of Police in 1819 is amusing: "Feb. 3d, one o'clock A.M., visited the South watch; constable asleep. 1.30, Centre watch; constable and doorman asleep. At 2.30, found the doorman and constable asleep at the North watch, and a drunken man kicking at the door to get in. A recommendation is made that the doorman be required to wake the constable when necessary."

A sharp farmer, some years ago, was trying to induce a customer to buy some turkeys, and thinking he had made a proper impression, closed up with the question: "Now, Sir, what is cheaper for your family than turkeys at nine cents a pound?"

"Turkey at eight cents," was the prompt reply.

The above little incident recalls to mind the days long gone by—never to return, we fear—when turkeys might be bought—in the country at least—for eight or nine cents a pound. Alas! those good old times are past. We shall all be obliged to turn Grahamites yet. Pork is not to be tolerated, now that such awful stories are told about it. And somebody from across the waters has written a terrible article about beef. We had thought beef a 'stand-by," and don't think we shall give it up unless something more is proved in regard to it than that it is *capable* of communicating disease. We should be almost willing to fall back upon *Turkey*—always supposing we had money enough to buy it—but then something may happen to the turkeys; and what is to be done in that case?

The new Health Board seem to be making faithful investigations in regard to the meat that is offered for sale in our markets. Success to them in this and every other good undertaking!

A recent daily paper in discoursing upon dress and fashion, remarks:

"Any dress reform must come from the rich, and from the tasteful, and from the young. For poor women, and dowdy women, and fading women will not broaden the line which they bitterly feel to be dividing them from their more fortunate neighbors."

This is undoubtedly true, in a measure. Yet we believe that *educated* and *intelligent* ladies, who are also *tasteful*, may, and should exert an equally powerful influence as those who are simply *rich*. The daily referred to goes on to say:

"In this country, where we have no assumed upper classes, a costly wardrobe is the only superficial and external token of position, and a priceless silk or a superb shawl is to many women what an old name or a coat of arms on the carriage-panel is to an English dame."

We do not agree to the statement that a "costly wardrobe" is the only "external token of position." Nor does the writer of the above appear to believe it altogether, judging from the remainder of the paragraph, which we will quote:

"Loitering yesterday at a fashionable jeweler's, a gorgeous lady entered to give orders for a silver breakfast service. In a speech of one minute in length, she made six deadly assaults on the President's English, and closed the conversation by a request that the '*teter-tete*' set might be sent to her carriage, which splendid equipage waited at the door. Her robe was shining silk; the flounce of her cloak was real lace and priceless, and the clustered diamonds of her brooch tremulously flashed hints of untold revenue in tho purse that bought them. It is probable that that glittering lady had kept the decalogue from her youth up, and loved her neighbor as herself. But one could not help a dreadful suspicion that she ate with her knife and audibly sipped her soup, and a censorious world might hint that a little less grandeur and a little more grammar would be a fitter entrance fee at the portals of really good society.

To our view, that "gorgeous lady's" *words* were quite as "*external*" as her dress, and her "position" as clearly defined by the one as by the other.

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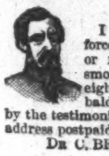

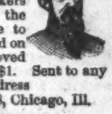

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